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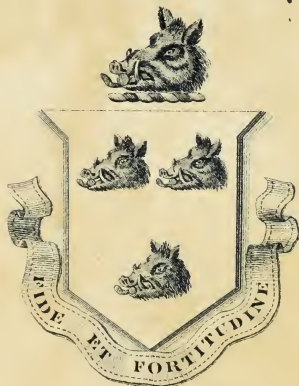
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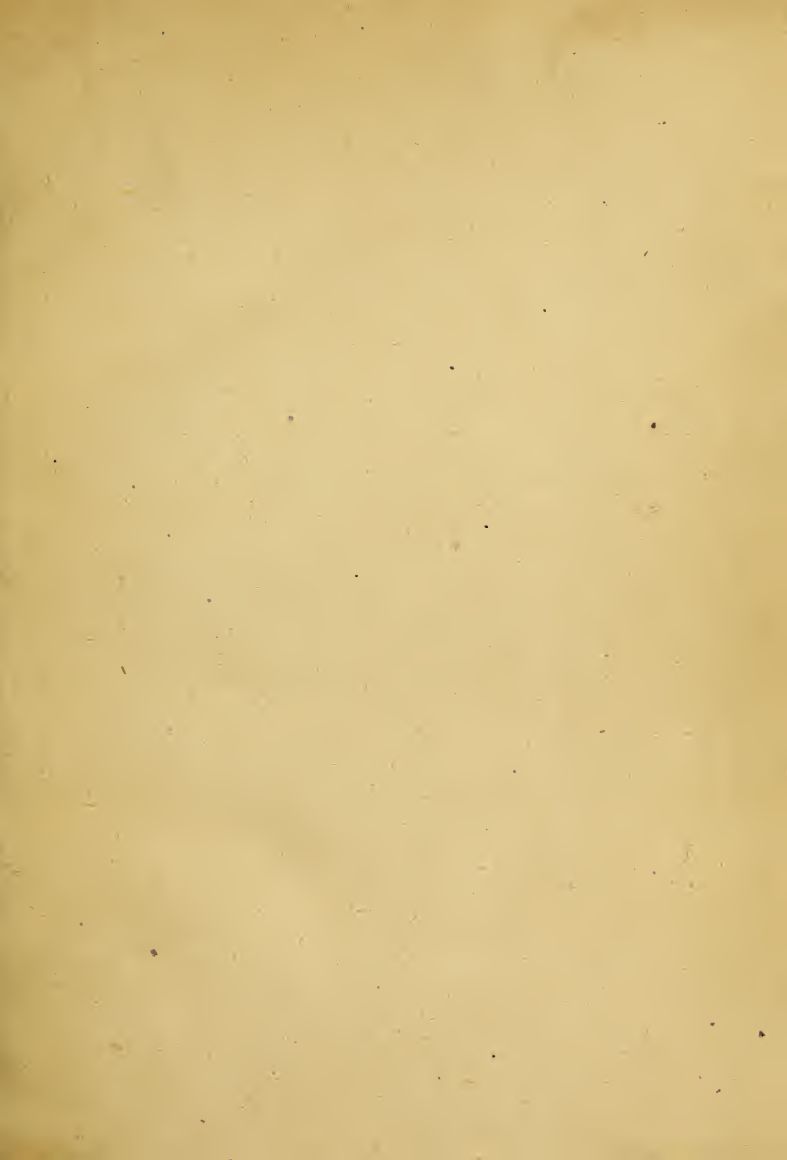


*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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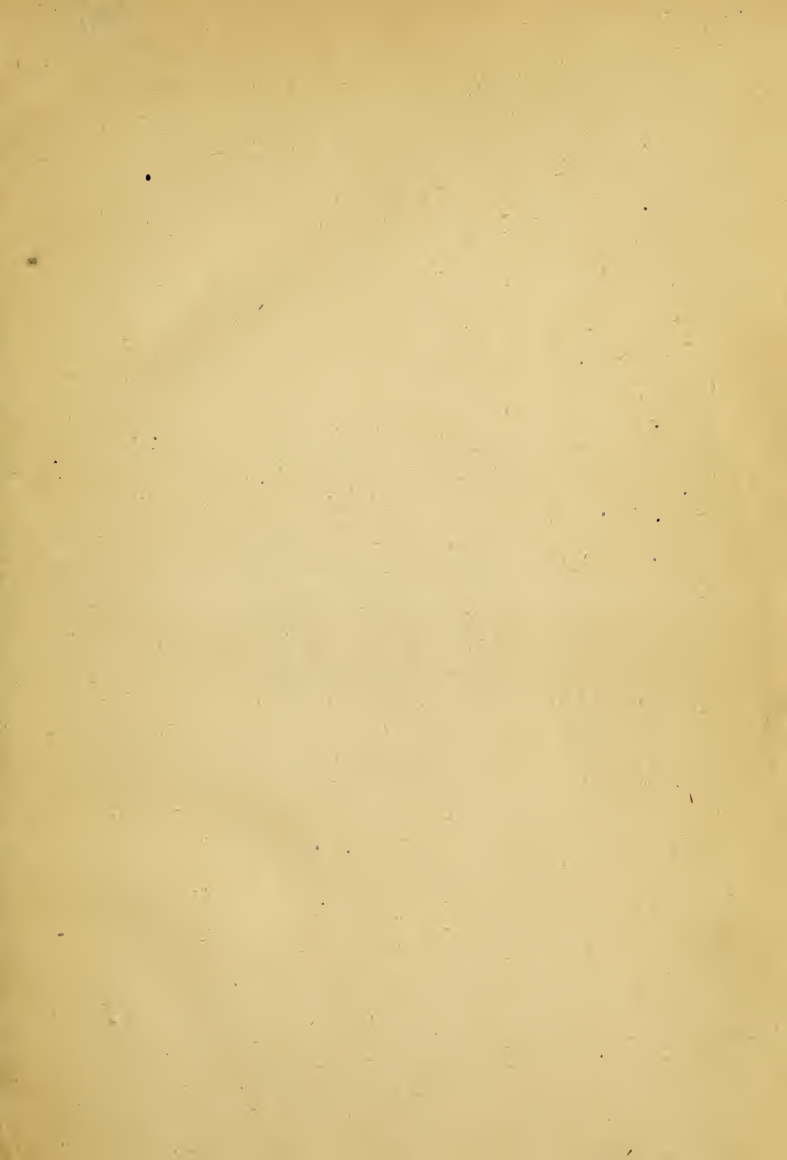


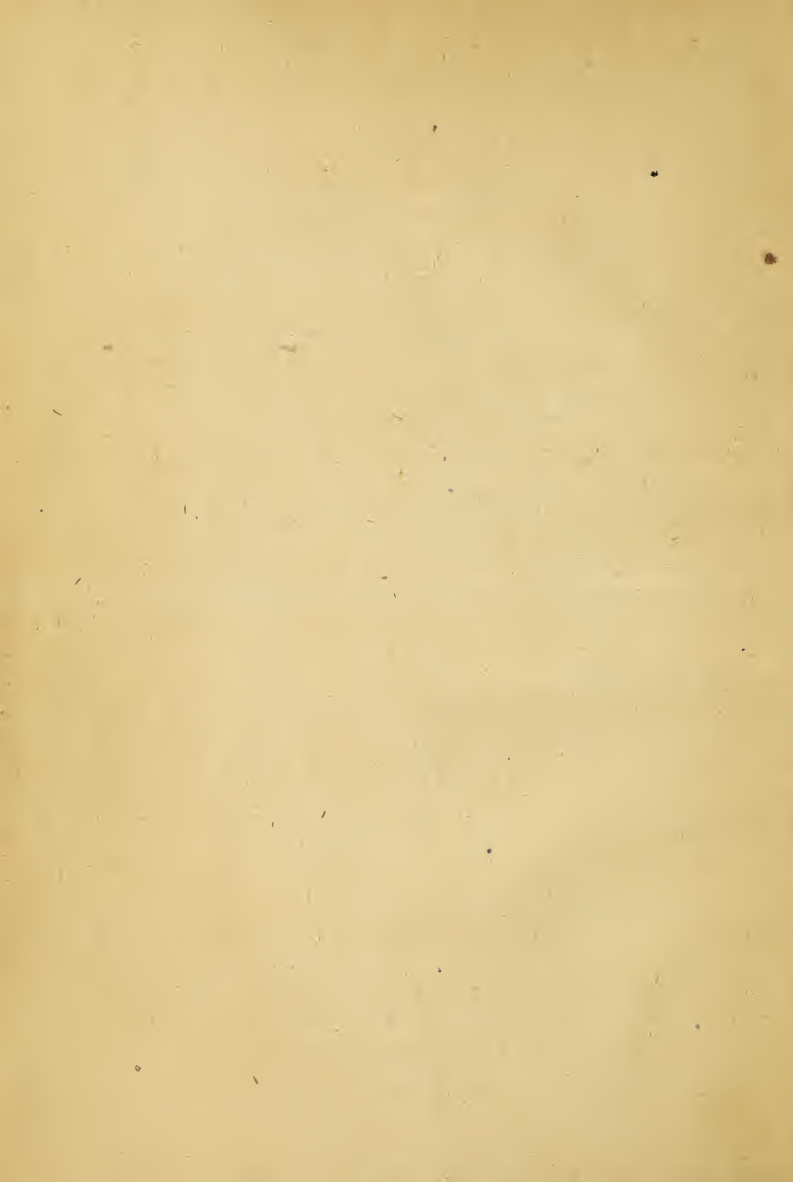


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# MICHAELMAS Terme.

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AS  
IT HATH BEEN SVN-  
dry times acted by the Children  
of *Paules*.

---

*Y. Middleton*



---

✓ AT LONDON,

1849  
Printed for A. I. and are to be  
sould at the signe of the white horse in  
Paules Churchyard.  
An. 1607.

XG

.3974

.49

149.623

May, 1873

Printed for A. I. and me to be

held at the house of the said house in

London, England

1873



# Inductio.

*Enter Michaelmas Terme in a whitish  
Cloake, new come vp out of the countrey, a Boye  
bringing his Gowne after  
him!*

*Micha:*



Oye?

*Boye:* Here sir!

(Gowne,

*Mi:* Lay by my conscience, giue mee my

That weede is for the country,

We must be ciuill now, and match our Euill,

Who first made Ciuill, blacke; he pleas'd the Deuill;

So; now know I where I am, me thinkes already

I graspe best part of the Autumnian blessing

In my contentious sadome, my hand's free,

From wronger and from wronged I haue fee,

And what by sweat from the rough earth they drawe,

Is to enrich this siluer haruest, *Lave,*

And so through wealthy variance, and fat brawle,

The Barne is made but Steward to the Hall;

Come they vp thicke inough?

*Boye:* Oh like hops and harlots sir!

*Mi:* Why do'st thou couple them?

*Boye:* Oh very aptlye, for as the hop well boiled will make  
a man not stand vppon his leggs: so the harlot in time will  
leaua a man no leggs to stand vppon!

*Mi:* Such another and bee my heyre, I haue no Childe,



# Michaelmas Terme.

Yet haue I wealth would redeeme beggery,  
I thinke it be a curse both here and forraine,  
Where bags are fruitfullst, there the wombs most barren,  
The poore ha's all our children, we their wealth;  
Shall I be prodigall when my life cooles,  
Make those my heyres whome I haue beggar'd; Fooles?  
It would be wondrous; rather beggar more,  
Thou shalt haue heyres enow, thou keep'st a whore,  
And here comes kindred too with no meane purses,  
Yet stroue to be still blest with Clients curses.

Musicke playing. { *Enter the other 3. Termes, the first bringing in a fellowe poore, which the other 2. aduanceth, giuing him rich Apparell, a page, and a pandar.*  
*Exit.*

*Mi.* What subtiltie haue we here? a fellowe  
Shrugging for lifes kind benefits, shift and heate,  
Crept vp in 3. Termes, wrapt in silke and siluer,  
So well appointed too with Page and Pandar,  
It was a happy gale that blew him hether.

1. Thou father of the Termes haile to thee.
2. May much contention still keepe with thee.
3. Many new fooles come vp and see thee.
2. Let e'm paye decre ynough that see thee.
1. And like Asses vse such men,

When their load's off, turne e'm to graze agen.

2. And may our wish haue full effect,  
Many a suite, and much neglect.

3. And as it hath bene often found,  
Let the Clients cups come round.

2. Helpe your poore kinsmen when you ha got e'm.  
You may drinke deepe, leaue vs the bottom;

3. Or when there is a lambe false in,  
Take you the lambe, leaue vs the skin.

*Mi.* Your dutie and regard hath mou'd vs,  
Neuer till now wee thought you lou'd vs,

Take

# *Michaelmas Terme.*

Take comfort from our words, and make no doubt,  
You shall haue suites come sixteen times about.

*All.* We humbly thanke the patron of our hopes. *Exeant.*

*Mr.* With what a vassaile—appetite they Gnawe,  
On our reuerfions; and are proud,  
Coldly to tast our meates, which eight returnes  
Serue in to vs as courses;

One day our writs like wilde-fowle flye abroad,  
And then returne or'e Cities, Townes, and Hills,  
With Clyents like dried strawes betweene their bills;  
And 'tis no few birds picke to build their Neasts,  
Nor no small money that keeps Drabs and Feasts!

But Gentlemen, to spread my selfe open vnto you, in cheaper Termes I salute you, for ours haue but sixpenny fees all the yeare long, yet wee dispatch you in two howers, without demur; your Suites hang not long here after Candles be lighted: Why we call this play by such a deere and chargeable Title, *Michaelmas Tearme*? Knowe it consents happily to our purpose, tho perhaps faintlie to the interpretation of many; for he that expects any great quarrels in Lawe to bee handled here, will be fondly deceaued, this onely presents those familiar accidents, which happend in Towne in the circumference of those sixe weekes, whereof *Michaelmas Terme* is Lord: *Sat sapienti*, I hope there's no fooles i'th house!

*Exit.*

*Enter at one dore Maister Rerrage, meeting  
Maister Salewood.*

*Salewood:* What Master Rerrage?

*Rer:* Master Salewood? Exceedingly well met in Towne, comes your Father vp this Terme?

*Sal.* Why he was here three dayes before the Exchequer gapte.

*Rer.* Fye, such an earlie Termer?

*Sal.* Hee's not to bee spoke withall, I dare not aske him  
A 3 blessing,

# Michaelmas Terme.

bleffing, till the laft of Nouember.

*Rer.* And how looks thy little venturing Coofen?

*Sal.* Faith like a Lute that ha's all the ftringes broke, no bodie will meddle with her.

*Rer.* Fye, there are Doctors enow in Towne will ftring her againe, and make her found as sweete as ere fhee did, is fhee not married yet?

*Sal.* Sh'as no lucke, fome may better steale a horse than others looke on. I haue knowen a virgin of fiae bastardes wedded, faith when all's donne we must bee faine to marrie her into the North I'me affrayd.

*Rer.* But will fhee paffe so thinke you?

*Sal.* Puh, any thinge that is warme ynough is good ynough for them ; so it come in the likenes, tho the Deuill be in't, the'ile venture the fiering.

*Rer.* They're worthy spirits yfaith, heard you the Newes?

*Sal.* Not yet.

*Rer.* Mistris *Difficult* is newly falne a widdowe.

*Sal.* Say true, is Master *Difficult* the Lawyer dead?

*Rer.* Easilie dead fir.

*Sal.* Pray when died hee?

*Rer.* What a question's that? when should a Lawyer dye but in the vacation, hee ha's no leifure to die in the Tearme-time, beside the Noyse there would fetch him againe.

*Sal.* Knew you the nature of his disease?

*Rer.* Faith fome say he dyed of an old grieve he had, that the vacation was foureteene weekes long.

*Sal.* And very likely. I knew 'twould kill him at last, t'as troubled him a long time, hee was one of those that would faine haue brought in the heresie of a fift Tearme, often crying with a loud voice, oh why should we loose Bartholmevy weeke?

*Rer.* He saouours, stop your Nose, no more of him.

*Enter*



# Michaelmas Terme.

*Enter master Cockstone a Gentleman, meeting master Easie of Essex.*

*Cock:* Yong maister *Easie*, let me salute you sir, when came you?

*Easie:* I haue but Inn'd my horse since, maister *Cockstone*.

*Cock:* You seldome visit London maister *Easie*,  
But now your Fathers dead tis your onely course,  
Here's gallants of all sizes, of all lasts,  
Here you may fit your foote, make choyse of those  
Whome your affection may reioyce in:

*Easie:* You haue easily possesst me I am free,  
Let those liue hindes that know not libertie.

*Cock:* Master *Rerrage*?

*Easie:* Good master *Salewood*, I am proud of your society.

*Rer:* What gentleman might that bee?

*Cock:* One master *Esay*, h'as good land in *Essex*,  
a faire free-brested Gentleman, somewhat too open,  
bad in man, worse in woman,  
the Gentrye-fault at first, he is yet fresh  
and wants the Citie powdring, but what newes?  
I'ft yet a match twixt master *Quomodo* the rich Drapers  
daughter and your selfe.

*Rer:* Faith sir, I am vildly riuald!

*Cock:* Vildly? by whome.

*Rer:* One *Andrewe Lethe* crept to a little warmth, and  
now so proud that he forgets all stormes, one that nere wore  
apparell, but like ditches 'twas cast before hee had it, now  
shines bright in rich embroderies, him master *Quomodo* af-  
fects, the daughter him, the mother onely mee, I rest most  
doubtfull, my side being weakest.

*Cock:* Yet the mothers side  
being surer than the Fathers, it may proue,  
men pleade for money best, women for loue.

*Rer:*

# *Michaelmas Terme.*

*Rer:* Slid master *Quomodo*?

*Cock:* How then, affraid of a woollen draper.

*Rer:* He warn'd mee his house, and I hate hee should see me abroad!

*Quomodo with his two spirits, Shortyard  
and Falselight.*

*Quo:* Oh my 2. spirits *Shortyard* and *Falselight*, you that haue so enricht me, I haue industrie for you both?

*Sho:* Then doe you please vs best sir,

*Quo:* Wealthy employment.

*Sho:* You make me icth sir.

*Quo:* You *Falselight* as I haue directed you.

*Fals:* I am nimble.

*Quo:* Goe, make my course commodities, looke, seeke, with subtil art beguile the honest eye, be neere to my trap-windowe, cunning *Falselight*.

*Fals:* I neuer failde it yet.

*Exit Fals.*

*Quo:* I know thou didst not;

But now to thee my true and secret *Shortyard*,  
Whome I dare trust ee'n with my wife,  
Thou nere didst mistris harme, but master, good,  
There are too few of thy name Gentlemen,  
And that we feele, but Citizens abundance,  
I haue a taske for thee my pregnant spirit,  
To exercise thy poynted wits vppon.

*Sho:* Giue it me, for I thirst.

*Quo:* Thine care shall drinke it,  
Know then I haue not spent this long Vacation  
Onely for pleasures sake, giue me the man  
Who out of recreation culls aduantage,  
Diues into seasons, neuer walkes, but thinkes,  
Ne rides, but plots, my iourney was toward *Essex*.

*Sho:*



# *Michaelmas Terme.*

*Sho:* Most true?

*Quo:* Where I haue seene what I desire.

*Sho:* A woman?

*Quo:* Puh ; a woman, yet beneath her, that which shee  
often treads on . Yet commands her land, fayre neate  
land.

*Sho:* What is the marke you shoote at.

*Quo:* Why the fayrest to cleaue the heire in twayne , I  
meane his Title to murder his estate, stifle his  
right in some some detested prison, there are  
means and waies enow to hooke in Gentry, be-  
sides our deadlye enmitye which thus stands  
they'r busye 'bout our wiues , We 'bout their  
Lands.

*Sho:* Your reuenge is more glorious,  
To be a cuckold is but for one life,  
When land remaines to you, your heire, or wife!

*Quo:* Ah sirrah, doe we sting e'm, this fresh gallant rode  
newly vp before me !

*Sho:* I beseech his name.

*Quo:* Yong master *Easye*.

*Sho:* *Easye*? It may fall right.

*Quo:* I haue enquir'd his haunt, stay, ha, I that, 'tis, thats  
he, thats he !

*Sho:* Happilie !

*Quo:* Obserue, take surely note of him, hee's fresh and free  
shift thy selfe speedily into the shape of gallan-  
trye, Ile swell thy purse with angels, keepe foote  
by foote with him, out-dare his expences, flat-  
ter, dice, and brothell to him, giue him a sweete  
tast of Sensuality, traine him to euery wastfull sin,  
that he may quickly neede health, but especially  
money, rauish him with a dame or twoo, bee his  
bawde for once, Ile bee thine for euer , drinke  
drunke with him, creepe into bed to him, kisse  
him and vndoo him, my sweete spirit.

# Michaelmas Terme.

*Sho:* Let your care dwell in me soone shall it shine,  
What subtiltie is in man, that is not mine. (Exit.

*Quo:* O my most cherefull spirit, goe, dispatch,  
Gentrye is the cheife fish we Tradelmen catch. (Exit.

*Easys:* What's here?

*Sale:* Oh, they are bills for Chambers.

*Easf:* Against Saint *Andrewes*, at a Painters house, ther's  
a faire chamber ready furnisht to bee let, the house  
not onely endewed with a newe fashion forepart,  
but which is more conuenient for a Gentleman,  
with a very prouident backe-doore.

*Sale:* Why here's vertue still; I like that thing that's neces-  
sary, as well as pleasant.

*Cock:* What newes in yonder paper.

*Rerra:* Ha? seeke you for newes, there's for you!

*Sale:* Whose tis? in the name of the blacke Angels, *Andro Gruill*.

*Rer:* No, *Andro Lethe*!

*Sale:* Lethe?

*Rer:* Has forgot his fathers name, poore *Walter Gruill* that  
begot him, fed him, and brought him vp.

*Sale:* Not hither.

*Rer:* No; 'twas from his thoughts, hee brought him vp  
belowe.

*Sale:* But do's he passe for *Lethe*.

*Rer:* Mongst strange eyes

that no more knowe him, then he knowes him-  
selfe, thats nothing now, for master *Andro Lethe*,  
a gentleman of most receiued parts, forgetfulness,  
Lust, Impudence, and Falshood, and one espec-  
all Courtly quality, to wit, no wit at all, I am his  
Riuall for *Quomodoes* daughter, but hee knowes  
it not.

*Sale:* Has spied vs ore his paper.

*Rer:* Oh thats a warning to make our duties ready.

*Cock:* Salute him, hang him.

*Rer*

# *Michaelmas Terme.*

*Rer:* Puh, wish his health a while, heele be laide shortly,  
let him gorge Venison for a time, our doctors will bring him  
to dry mutton; seeme respectiue to make his pride swell like  
a Toade with dewe.

*Sale:* Master *Lethe!*

*Rer:* Sweete master *Lethe.*

*Lethe:* Gentlemen your pardon, I remember you not.

*Sale:* Why we supt with you last night sir!

*Lethe:* Oh cry you mercy, 'tis so long agoe,

I had quite forgot you, I must be forgiuen,  
Acquaintaince, deere societie, suites and things,  
Do so flowe to mee; that had I not the better memorie!  
Twould be a wonder I should know my selfe,  
,, Esteeme is made of such a dizzy mettall;  
I haue receiu'd of many gifts ore night  
Whome I haue forgot ere morning, meeting the men,  
I wisht em to remember me agen,  
They doo so: then if I forget agen,  
I know what helpt before, that will helpe then,  
This is my course, for memorie I haue been told  
Twentie preserues, the best I find is gold;  
Ey truely! are you not knights yet, Gentlemen.

*Sale:* Not yet!

*Leth:* No, that must bee lookt into, tis your owne fault,  
I haue some store of Venison, where shall we deuoure it,  
Gentlemen?

*Sale:* The horne were a fit place.

*Leth:* For Venison, fit,

The horne hauing chafit it,

At the horne—weele Rime to that.—

*Cock:* Tast it. *Sale:* Wast it. *Rer:* Cast it.

*Leth:* Thats the true rime indeed, wee hunt our Venison  
twice I tell you, first out a'th parke, next out a'th Bellie.

*Cock:* First dogs take paines to make it fit for men,  
Then men take payne to make it fit for dogs.

*Leth:* Right.

[ *Cock:* Why this is kindnes, a kind Gallant, you,



# Michaelmas Terme.

And loue to giue the dogs more than their due,  
We shall attend you sir.

*Leth:* I pray doo so.

*Sal:* The horne.

*Leth:* Easily remembred that you know!

*Exeunt.*

But now vnto my present busines, the Daughter yeildes, and Quomodo consents, onely my mistris Quomodo, her mother without regard runs full against mee, and sticks hard! Is there no law for a woman that will run vpon a man at her owne apperill. Why should not shee consent, knowing my state, my sudaine fortunes, I can command a custerd, and other bakements, death of surgeon, I could keepe house with nothing, what friends haue I? how well am I beloued, ee'n quite throughout the scullery, not consent? tis ee'n as I haue writ, Ile be hangd, and shee loue mee not herselfe & wold rather preserue me, as a priuate friend to her own pleasures, than any way aduance her daughter vpon me to beguile herselfe, then how haue I relieved her in that point, let me peruse this letter. Good mistris Quomodo, or rather as I hope ere the Terme end, mother Quomodo, since only your consent keeps a hose off and hinders the copulation of your daughter, what may I thinke, but that it is a meere affection in you, doating vpon some small inferiour vertue of mine, to draw me in vpon your selfe, if the case stand so, I haue comfort for you: for this you may well assure your selfe, that by the marriage of your daughter I haue the better meanes and opportunity to your selfe, and without the least suspicion. This is moouing stufte, and that workes best with a Citizens wife, but who shall I get to conuey this now: my Page I ha lent forth, my Pandar I haue imployd about the country, to looke out some third sister, or entice some discontented Gentlewoman from her husband, whoe the laying out of my appetite shall maintaine, nay Ile deale like an honourable Gentleman, Ile bee kinde to women, that which I gather fith day, Ile put into their purses at night, you shall haue no cause to raile at me, no fault, Ile keepe you in good fashion Ladies, no meaner men then knights shall ransome home your gownes, and recover your smacks, Ile not dallye with you! — some poore widdow woman would come as a necessary hand now: and see where fith comes — my mother! curse off

powerty,

# Michaelmas Terme.

poverty, do's shee come vp to shame me, to betray my birth, and cast  
foyle vpon my new Suite, let her passe me, Ile take no notice of her,  
*Scurrye—murrey—Carsey!*

*Moth:* By your leaue and like your worship.

*Leth:* Then I must proudly venture it; to me good wo-

*Moth:* I beseech one word with your worship. (man.

*Leth:* Prethe be breife then.

*Moth:* Pray can your worship tell me any tydings of one  
*Andro Gruill*, a poore sonne of mine owne.

*Leth:* I know a gallant Gentleman of the name, one mas-  
ter *Andro Gruill* and well receiude amongst Ladies.

*Moth:* Thats not he then!

Hee is no Gentleman that I meane.

*Leth:* Good woman if he be a *Gruill*, hee's a Gentleman  
i'th mornings: thats a Gentleman a'th first, you canot tell me

*Moth:* No truely, his father was an honest vpright Tooth-

*Leth:* O my teeth. (drawer.

*Moth:* An't please your worship, I haue made a fore tour-  
ney out, all this vacant time, to come vp and see my sonne  
*Andro*, poore *Walter Gruill* his Father has layd his life, and  
left mee a lone woman, I haue not one husband in all the  
world, therefore my comming vp is for reliefe an't like your  
worship, hoping that my sonne *Andro* is in some place about  
the Kitchen.

*Leth:* Kitchen, puh, fah.

*Mo:* Or a seruingman to some Kinght of worship.

*Leth:* Oh let mee not indure her! Knowe you not mee  
good woman?

*Mo:* Alasse, an't please your worship, I neuer sawe such  
a glorious suite since the hower I was her send.

*Leth:* Good, shee knowes me not, my glory do's disquire  
Beside my poorer name being drencht in *Leths*, (mee,

Sheele hardly vnderstand me, what a fresh ayre can doo!

I may employ her as a priuate drudge,

To passe my letters and secure my lust,

And nere be noted mine, to shame my blood,



# *Michaelmas Terme.*

And drop my stayning birth vppon my raiment, faith good woman you will hardly get to the speech of master *Andro*, I tell you. *Mo*: No?

Marry hang him, and like your Worship, I haue knowen the day when no body carde to speake to him!

*Leth*: You must take heed how you speak ill of him now I cantell you; hee's so employde.

*Mo*: Imployde for what?

*Leth*: For his behauiour, wisdom, and other vertues.

*Mo*: His vertues? no tis well knowen, his father was too poore a man to bring him vp to any vertues; hee can scarce write and reade.

*Leth*: Hee's the better regarded for that amongst Courtiers, for thats but a needy qualitie!

*Mo*: If it be so, then heele be great shortly, for he has no good parts about him.

*Leth*. Well good woman, or mother, or what you will.

*Mo*: Alack the day, I know your worship scornes to cal me mother: tis not a thing fit for your worship indeede, such a simple old woman as I am.

*Leth*: In pittie of thy long iourney, there's six-pence British: tend vpon me, I haue busines for you.

*Mo*: Ile waite vpon your Worship.

*Leth*: Two pole off at least.

*Mo*: I am a cleane ould woman, an't like your Worship.

*Leth*: It goes not by cleannes here good woman, if you were fowler, so you were brauer, you might come neerer.

*Mo*: Nay and that be the fashion, I hope I shall (*Exit*. get it shortly, there's no woman so ould but she may learne; and as an old Lady delights in a young Page or monckey, so there are young Courtiers will be hungry vpon an old woman, I warrant you.

*Exit*.

*Enter Lesbes Pandar with a Countrywench.*

*Pand*: Come, leaue your puling and sighing. (*father*.

*Count*: Beshrew you now, why did you entice me from my

*Pand*: *Why? to thy better aduancement, wouldst thou a pretty beautifull*

# Michaelmas Terme.

beautifull — Iuicy squall, liue in a poore thrumbd house i'th cuntry in such seruile — habiliments, and may well passe for a gentlewoman i'th Citie, do's not 5 hundred do so thinkst thou, and with worse faces, oh, now in these latter dayes, the Denill rayning tis an age for clouen creatures? but why sad now? yet indeed tis the fashion of any Curtizan to be sea-sicke i'th first Voyage, but at next shee proclaimes open wars, like a beaten souldier: why Northampton-shire Lasse do'st dreame of virginity now? remember a loose-bodied Gowne wench, & let it goe, wires, & tyres, bents and bums, felts and falls, thou that shalt deceiue the world, that Gentlewomen indeed shall not be knownen from others; I haue a master towhome I must prefer thee, after the aforesayd decking, Lethe by name, a man of one most admired property, he can both loue thee and for thy better aduancement be thy Pandar himselfe, an excellent sparke of humility.

Count: Well heauen forgieue you, you traine me vp too't.

Pand: Why I doe acknowledge it, and I thinke I doe you a pleasure in't.

Count: And if I should proue a harlot now, I should be bound to curse you. (ynough.

Pand: Bound? nay and you proue a harlot, youle be loose

Count: If I had not a desire to goe like a gentlewoman, you should be hangd, ere you should get me too't I warrant you.

Pand: Nay thats certain, nor a 1000. more of you, I know, you are all chaste ynough, till one thing or other tempt you! deny a Sattin gowne and you dare now?

Count: You knowe I haue no power to doo't, and that makes you so wilfull: for what woman is there such a beast that will deny any thing that is good.

Pand: True they will not, most dissembler.

Count: No, and shee beare a braue minde shee will not I warrant you.

Pand: Why, therfore take heart, faint not at all, Women nere rise, but when they fall, Let a man breake, hee's gone, blownen vp, A womans breaking sets her vp, Virginitie is no Citie—Trade, You're out a'th Freedome, when you're a mayde,

# Michaelmas Terme.

Downe with the lattis tis but thin,  
Let courser beauties worke within:  
Whome the light mocks, thou art faire and fresh,  
The guilded flies, will light vpon thy flesh.

*Count:* Beshrew your sweet enchantments, you haue won.

*Pan:* How easily soft women are vndone:

So farewell hole some weeds where treasure pants,  
And welcome filkes, where lyes disease and wants:  
Come wench, now flow thy Fortunes in to blesse thee,  
Ile bring thee where thou shalt be taught to dresse thee!

*Count:* Oh as soone as may be, I am in a swone till I bee a gentlewoman, and you know what flesh is mans meate, tell it be drest.

*Pan:* Most certain, no more a woman.

*Exeunt.*

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## *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Rerrage, Salewood, Lethe, Easie, with Shortyard  
alias Blastfield, at dice.*

*Rer:* Gentlemen I ha sworne Ile change the roome: dice?

*Lethe:* You see I'me patient gentlemen. (*Deuils.*)

*Sal:* I, the feinds in't, you're patient, you put vp all.

*Rer:* Come set me gentlemen!

*Sho:* An *Essex* gentleman sir. *Eas:* An vnfortunate one sir.

*Sho:* I'me bold to salute you sir! you knowe not master *Al-*

*Eas:* Oh entirely well. (*sup there.*)

*Sho:* Indeed sir. *Eas:* Hees second to my bosome.

*Sho:* Ile giue you that comfort then sir, you must not want money as long as you are in towne sir.

*Eas:* No sir?

*Sho:* I am bound in my loue to him to see you furnisht, and in that comfort I recouer my salute agen sir.

*Eas:* Then I desire to be more deere vnto you.

*Sho:* I rather study to be deare vnto you—boy, fill some wine.—I knew not what faire impressier I receiud, at first, but I began to affect your societie very speedily.

*Eas:* I count my selfe the happier.

*Sho:* To master *Alsup* sir, to whose remembrance, I could loue to drinke till I were past remembrance.



*Eas.* I shall keepe Christmasse with him sir, where your health shal likewise vndoubtedly be remembred, and there-vpon I pledge you:—I would sue for your name sir.

*Sho.* Your suite shall end in one Tearme sir: my name is Blastfield.

*Eas.* Kind maister Blastfield, your deerer acquaintance.

*Rer.* Nay come, will ye draw in Gentlemen? set me:

*Eas.* Faith I'me scatterd.

*Sho.* Sir, you shall not giue out so meanelly of your selfe in my companie for a Million: make Such priuie to your disgrace? you'r a Gentleman of faire fortunes; keep me y our reputation; set 'em all, there's crownes for you.

*Eas.* Sir you binde me infinitely in these courtesies.

*Sho.* You must alwayes haue a care of your Reputation here in Town maister Easie, altho you ride downe with nothing, it skills not.

*Eas.* I'me glad you tell me that yet, then I'me indifferent. well come: who throwes? I set all these.

*Sho.* Why, well said.

*Sal.* This same maister Lethe here begins to vndo vs agen,

*Letk.* Ah sir, I came not hither but to win.

*Sho.* And then you'le leaue vs, thats your fashion.

*Letk.* Hee's base that visits not his friends:

*Sho.* But hee's more base that carries out his winnings.

None will doe so but those haue base beginnings

*Letk.* It is a thing in vse and euer was,  
I passe this time.

*Sho.* I wonder you should passe.  
And that you're sufferd.

*Letk.* Tut, the Dice are ours,  
Then wonder not at those that haue most powrs.

*Rer.* The Diuell and his Angels.

*Letk.* Are these they?

Welcome deere Angels, where y'are curst nere flay.

*Sal.* Heere's lucke.

*Eas.* Lets search him Gentlemen, I think he wears a smock:

*Sho.* I knew the time, he wore not halfe a shirt, iust like a

*Eas.* No, how did he fort. e Rest?

(Pee.

*Michaelmas Tearme*

*Sho.* Faith he compounded with a couple of Napkins at Barnet, and so trustd vp the lower parts.

*Eas.* Twas a prettie shift y faith.

*Sho.* But maister Lethe ha's forgot that too.

*Eas.* A mischiefe on't to loose all: I could——

*Sho.* Nay but good Ma. Easie, do not do your self that tiranie I beseech you, I must not ha you alter your body now for the Purge of a little money: you vndoe me and you doe.

*Eas.* Twas al I brought vp with me, I protest master Blastfield, all my rent till next quarter.

*Sho.* Pox of money, talke not on't I beseech you, what said I to you? Masse I am out of cash my selfe too,——Boy.

*Boy.* Anon sir.

*Sho.* Run presently to master Gum the Mercer, and wil him to tell out two or three hundred pound for mee, or more according as he is furnisht: Ile visit him ith morning say.

*Boy.* It shall be said sir.

*Sho.* Doe you heare boy?

*Boy.* Yes sir.

*Sho.* If master Gum bee not sufficiently readie, call vppon master Profit the Goldsmith.

*Boy.* It shall be done sir.

*Sho.* Boy.

*Boy.* I know I was not sent yet: now is the time.

*Sho.* Let them both rest till another occasion: you shall not need to run so farre at this time, take one nier hand go to Ma. Quomodo the Draper, and will him to furnish mee instantly.

*Boy.* Now I goe sir.

*Eas.* It seemes y are wel knowne master Blastfield, and your credite verie spacious here ith Citie.

*Sho.* Master Easie, let a man beare himselfe portly, the whorsons will creepe to him a'th their bellies, and their wiues a'th their backs: ther's a kinde of bolde grace expected throughout all the parts of a Gentleman: then for your obseruances, a man must not so much as spit but within line and fashion. I tell you what I ha done: somtimes I carrie my water all London ouer, onely to deliuer it proudly at the Standard, and do I passe altogether vnnoted thinke you? No, a man can no sooner peep out his head, but ther's a bow bent at him out of some



# Michaelmas Terme.

some watch tower, or other.

*Eas.* So readily sir.

*Sho.* Push, you know a bowe's quickly readie, tho a Gun be long a charging, and will shoote five times to his once, - Come, you shall beare your selfe Iouially: take heede of setting your lookes to your losses, but rather smile vppon your ill lucke, and inuite 'em to morrow to another break-fast of Bones.

*Eas.* Nay ile forswear dicing.

*Sho.* What? peace? I am ashamed to heare you: will you cease in the first losse, shewe mee one Gentleman that ere did it? Fie vppon't I must vse you to companie I perceyue, youde be spoilde else: forswear Dice? I would your friends heard you ysaith.

*Eas.* Nay I was but in iest sir.

*Sho.* I hope so, what woulde Gentlemen say of you? there goes a Gull that keepes his money, I would not haue such a report goe on you, for the Worlde as long as you are in my companie. Why man fortune alters in a Minute, I ha knowne those haue recouered so much in an houre, their purses were neuer sicke after.

*Rer.* Oh worse then consumption of the Liuer! consumption of the patrimonie.

*Sho.* How now? marke their humours master Easie.

*Rer.* Forgiueme, my posteritie yet vngotten.

*Sho.* Thats a penitent Maudlen Dicer.

*Rer.* Few knowe the sweets that the plaine life allowes. Vilde sonne that surfets of his fathers browes.

*Sho.* Laugh at him master Easie.

*Eas.* Ha, ha ha.

*Sal.* Ile bee damn'd and these bee not the bones of some queane that couzened me in her life, and now consumes mee after her death.

*Sho.* Thats the true-wicked-blasphemous, and soul-shuddering Dicer, that will curse you all seruice time, & attribute his ill lucke alwayes to one Drab or other.

*Lech.* Dick Hell-gill: the hapie Newes.

*Hel.* I haue her for you sir.

# *Michaelmas Tearme.*

*Letb.* Peace, what is she?

*Helg.* Yong, beautifull and plump, -- a delicate peece of sin.

*Letb.* Of what parentage?

*Helg.* Oh a Gentlewoman of a great house.

*Letb.* Fie, fie.

*Helg.* Shee newly came out of a Barne; yet too good for a  
Tooth-drawers sonne.

*Letb.* Is she wife or maide?

*Helg.* That which is daintiest, Maide

*Letb.* Ide rather shee'd beene a wife.

*Helg.* A wife sir, why?

*Letb.* Oh Adulterie is a great deale sweeter in my minde.

*Helg.* Diseases gnaw thy bones.

I thinke she has deserud to be a wife sir.

*Letb.* That will moue well.

*Helg.* Her firstlings shall be mine.

Swine looke but for the huskes, the meate be thine.

*Sho.* How now Boy?

*Boy.* Maister *Quomodo* takes your worships greeting exceeding kindely, and in his commendations returns this answer, that your worship shall not be so apt to receiue it, as hee willing to lend it.

*Sho.* Why, we thanke him yfaith.

*Eas.* Troth, and you ha reason to thanke him sir, t'was a verie friendly answer.

*Sh.* Push, a Gentleman that keeps his daies euene here ith City (as I my selfe watch to doe) shall haue many of those answers in a twelue month, maister Easie.

*Eas.* I promise you sir I admire your carriage, and begin to hold a more reuerend respect of you.

*Sho.* Not so I beseech you, I giue my friends leaue to bee inward with me, -- will you walke Gentlemen?

*Letb.* Wee're for you.

Present her with this Iewell my first token.

*Enter a Drawer.*

*Draw.* There are certaine Country men without enquiring for maister Rerage, and maister Salewood.

*Peasants*

# Michaelmas Terme.

*Rev.* Tennants!

*Salew.* Thou reuiu'st vs Rascall.

*Rev.* When's our next meeting Gentlemen?

*Shor.* To morrow night,

This Gentleman, by me inuites you all,

Do you not Maister Easie?

*Easie.* Freely sir.

*Salew.* We doe imbrace your loue——a pure fresh Gull

*Shor.* Thus make you men at parting duetifull,

And rest beholding to you tis the slight

To be remembred, when you'r out of sight.

*Easie.* A prettie vertue.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Countrey-Wench's Father, that was entic'd for*

*Leib:*

*Father.* Where shall I seeke her now?—oh if she knew

The Dangers that attend on womens liues,

She would rather lodge vnder a poore thatcht Roofe

Then vnder carued feelings: she was my ioy,

And all content that I receiu'd from life,

My deere and onely Daughter:

What saies the Note she left, let mee agen

With stayeder greefe peruse it——Father? wonder not at my

so suddaine departure, without your leaue or knowledge,

thus vnder pardon I excuse it, had you had knowledge of

it, I know you would haue sought to restraine it, and hinder

me from what I haue long desirde, being now happilye pre-

ferr'd to a Gentlemans seruice in London, about Holborne,

if you please to send, you may heare well of me——

As false as she is disobedient,

Iu'e made larger inquirie, lest no place

(Where Genrie keepes) vnsought, yet cannot heare,

Which driues me moste into a shamefull feare:

Woe worth th' infected cause that makes me visit

This man-deuouring Cittie——where I spent

My vnshapen youth, to be my ages curse,

And surfetted away my name and state,

In swinish Riots, that now being sober,

I doe awake, a Begger,——I may hate her.



# Michaelmas Tearme.

Whose youth voides wine, his age is curst with water,  
Oh heauens! I know the price of ill, too well,  
What, the confusions are in whome they dwell,  
And how soone Maides are to their Ruins won  
One minute, and æternally yndone:

So in mine may it: may it not be thus? ———

Though she be poore, her honours preceous,  
May be my present forme, and her foud feare,  
May chace her from me, if her eye should get me,  
And therefore, as my loue and wants aduise.

Ile serue vntill I finde her in disguise.

Such is my care to fright her from base euils

I leaue calme state to liue amongst you, deuils.

*Exit*

*Lethes Mother enters with Quomodoes wife with the Letter.*

*Toma.* Were these fit wordes thinke you to be sent to anye  
Cittizens wife, to enioy the Daughter, and loue the mother  
too for a neede? I would foulye scorne that man, that should  
loue me onely for a neede I tell you: and heere the Knaue  
writes agen, that by the mariage of my Daughter, a has the  
better meanes and opportunitie to my selfe, hee lies in his  
Throatelike a villaine, he has no opportunitie of mee, for all  
that, tis for his betters to haue opportunitie of me, and that  
he shall well knowe——a base proud knaue——a has forgot  
how he came vp, & brought two of his countrie men to giue  
their words to my husband for a sute of greene Karsey, a has  
forgot all this. and how does hee appeare to me, when his  
white Sattin futes on, but like a Magot crept out of a Nut-  
shell, a faire bodie and a foule necke, those partes that are co-  
uered of him, lookes indifferent well, because we cannot see  
e'melse for all his clensing, pruning and paring, hee's not  
worthy a Brokers Daughter, and so tell him.

*Gri.* I will indeede forsooth.

*Toma.* And as for my Childe, I hope shee'll bee ruld in  
Time, though she be folish yet. & not be carryed away with  
a cast of Manchets, a Bottle of wine, or a Custard, and so  
I pray certifie him. *Gri.* Ile doe your errant effectually.

*Toma.* Art thou his Ant——or his——

*Gri.* Alasse——I am a poore drudge of his.

*Toma.* Faith



## *Michaelmas Tearme.*

*Toma.* Faith and thou wert his Mother, he would make thee his drudge I warrant him.

*Gri.* Marrie out vppon him, sir reuerence of your mistris-

*Tom.* Heer's somewhat for thy paines, fare thee well. (ship

*Gri.* Tis more then he gaueme since I came to him.

*Enter Quomodo and his Daughter Su.*

*Quo.* How now, what prating haue we heare? whispers, dumshowes? why Tomazin, goo too --- my shop is not altogether so darke as some of my neighbours, where a man may be made Cuckold at one ende, while hee's measuring with his yard at tother.

*Toma.* Onely commendations sent from Maister Lethe your worshipfull Sonne in law that should be.

*Quo.* Oh, & that you like not, he that can make vs rich in custom, strong in friends, happy in suites, bring vs into all the romes a fundaises, from the leads to the seller, pop vs in with Venison til wee cracke agen, & send home the rest in an honorable Napkin--this man you like not forsooth? (king

*Su.* But I like him father. *Qu.* My blessing goe with thy li-

*Su.* A number of our Citizens hold our credit by't to come home drunk, and say wee ha beene at Court: then how much more credit i't to be drunke there indeede?

*Quom.* Tut, thy Mothers a foole—pray whats Maister Rerage whom you pleade for so?

*Toma.* Why, first he is a Gentleman.

*Quo.* I, hee's often first a Gentleman that's last a begger.

*Su.* My father tels you true, what should I do with a gentleman, I knowe not which way to lye with him. (tlemen dayly

*Quo.* Tis true too -- thou knowst beside, we vndoe Gen-

*Toma.* That makes so few of e'm marrie with our Daughters, vnles it be one green foote or other: next, M. Rerage has land & liuing, tother but his walke i'th street, & his snatch-ing dyet, hee's able to entertaine you in a faire house of his owne, tother in some nooke or corner, or place vs behind the cloath like a company of Puppets: at his house you shall bee seru'd curiously, sit downe & eate your meate with leasure, there we must be glad to take it standing, & without either salt, cloath, or trencher, and say we are befriended too.

*Quo.* Oh

*Michaelmas Tearme.*

*Quo.* Oh, that giues a Cittizen a better appetite then his Garden.

*Su.* So say I Father, me thinkes it does me most good whe I take it standing, I know not how all womens mindes are:

*Enter Falstight.*

*Quo.* Faith I thinke they are al of thy minde for that thing, how now Falstight?

*Falst.* I haue descri'd my fellow Short-yard, *alias* Blastfield, at hand with the Gentleman.

*Quo.* Oh my sweete Short-yard! — Daughter, get you vp to your Virginalis: by your leaue Mistris Quomodo.

*Tom.* Why I hope I may sit ith shop, may I not?

*Quom.* That you may, and welcome sweete hony-thye, but not at this season, there's a Buck to be stricke.

*Tom.* Well, since i'me so expresly forbidden, ile watch about ith gallerie, but ile see your knauerie. *Exit.*

*Quom.* Be you preparte as I tell you.

*Falst.* You neare feard me: *Exit.*

*Quom.* Oh that sweete, neate, comely, proper, delicate parcell of land, like a fine Gentlewoman ith waste: not so great as prettie, prettie: the Trees in Summer whistling, the siluer waters by the Bankes harmoniouslye gliding, I should haue beene a Scholler, an excellent place for a student: fit for my Sonne that lately commenc'd at Cambridge, whom now I haue plac'd at Innes of Court: Thus wee that sildome get Landes honestly, must leaue our heires to inherit our knauerie: but whist, one turne about my shoppe and meete with e'm.

*Enter Maister Easie, with Short-yard, alias Blastfield.*

*Easie.* Is this it sir?

*Short.* I, let me see, this is it: signe of three Knaues, tis it!

*Quom.* Doe you heare sir, what lacke you Gentlemen? see good Kersies or broad-cloathes heere, I pray come neere — Maister Blastfield?

*Short.* I thought you would know me anon.

*Quom.* You'r exceeding welcome to Towne sir, your worship must pardon me, tis alwaies mistie weather in our shops heere: we are a Nation the Sunne nere shines vpon, — Came this



# Michaelmas Tearme.

this Gentleman with you?

*Short.* O salute him fairely, hee's a kinde Gentleman, a verie inward of mine.

*Quo.* Then I crye you mercy sir, y'are especially welcome.

*Easi.* I returne you thanks sir.

*Quo.* But how shall I doe for you now Maister Blastfield?

*Short.* Why whats the matter?

*Quo.* It is my greatest affliction at this instant, I am not able to furnish you.

*Short.* How maister *Quomodo*, pray say not so, sh'ud you vndoe me then.

*Quo.* Vpon my Religion Maister Blastfield, bonds lye forfeite in my hands, I expect the receite of a thousand euerie houre, and cannot yet set eye of a penny.

*Short.* That's strange me thinkes.

*Quo.* Tis mine owne pittie that plots against me Maister Blastfield, they knowe I haue no conscience to take the forfeiture, and that makes t'm so bould with my mercie,

*Easi.* I am sorry for this.

*Quo.* Neuerthelesse, if I might intreate your delay but the age of three daies to expresse my sorrow now, I would double the summe, and supply you with foure or fise hundred.

*Short.* Let me see, — three daies.

*Quo.* I good sir, and it may be possible.

*Easi.* Doe you heare Maister Blastfield,

*Short.* Ha?

*Easi.* You knowe i'ue already enuited all the Gallants to sup with me to night.

*Short.* That's true yfaith.

*Easi.* T will be my euerlasting shame, if I haue no monye to maintaine my bountie.

*Short.* I nere thought vpon that — I look't still when that should come from him, we haue stricktly examined our expences, it must not be three daies Maister *Quomodo*.

*Quo.* No, then i'me a fraide it will be my grieve sir.

*Easi.* Maister Blastfield, ile tell you what you may doe now.

# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Sho.* What good sweete bedfellow,

*Eas.* Send to Master Goome, or Master Profit, the Mercer and Goldsmith.

*Sho.* Masse that was well remembred of thee——I perceyue the Trout will bee a little troublesome ere hee bee catent.——*Boy.* *Boy.* Here sir.

*Sho.* Runne to Master Goome, or Master Profite, and carrie my present occasion of money to em.

*Boy.* I runne sir.

*Quo.* Me thinks Maister Blastfield, you might easily attaine to the satisfaction of 3. dayes, heer's a Gentleman your friend I dare say will see you sufficiently possesse till then.

*Eas.* Not I sir, by no meanes: master Blastfield knowes I me further in want then himselfe, my hope rests all vpon him, it stands vpon the losse of my credit to Night, if I walke without money.

*Sho.* Why maister Quomodo, what a fruitlesse Motion haue you put forth, you might wel assure your selfe this gentleman had it not if I wanted it: why our purses are brothers we desire but equall fortunes: in a word, w<sup>e</sup> are man and wife, they can but lie together, and so doe we.

*Eas.* As nere as can be y<sup>e</sup> faith.

*Sho.* And to say truth, tis more for the continuing of this Gentlemans credit in Towne, then any incitement from mine owne want only, that I couet to be so immediatly furnisht--you shall heare him confesse as much himselfe.

*Eas.* Tis most certaine master Quomodo.

*Enter Boy.*

*Sho.* Oh here comes the Boy now: How now Boy, what sayes maister Goome, or master Profit?

*Boy.* Sir, thei'r both walkt foorth this frostie morning to Brainford, to see a Nurse-child e.

*Sho.* A Bastard be it, spite and shame.

*Eas.* Nay, neuer vex your selfe sweet master Blastfield.

*Sho.* Bewicht I thinke.

*Quo.* Doe you heare sir? you can perswade with him.

*Eas.* A little sir.

*Quo.* Rather then he should be altogether destitute, or be



## Michaelmas Tearme.

too much a vexation to himselfe, he shall take vp a commoditie of cloath of me, tell him.

*Eas.* Why la! by my troth t'was kindly spoken,

*Quo.* Two hundred pounds worth vpon my Religion say.

*Sho.* So disastroufly.

*Eas.* Nay, maister Blastfield, you doe not heare what maister Quomodo said since, like an honest true Citizen ysaith: rather then you should grow diseasde vpon't, you shall take vp a commoditie of two hundred pounds worth of cloath.

*Sho.* The mealie Moth consume it, would hee ha me turne Pedler now? what should I doe with cloath?

*Quo.* Hee's a verie wilfull Gentleman at this Time ysaith: he knowes as well what to doe with it, as I my selfe I wis: ther's no Merchant in Town but will be greedy vpon't, and pay downe mony vpo' th naile, the'l dispatch it ouer to Middle-borrow presently, and raise double commoditie by exchange, if not, you know tis Tearme-time, and Michaelmas Tearme too, the Drapers haruest, for footcloaths, riding suits, walking suits, chamber gownes, and hall gownes.

*Eas.* Nay, Ile say that, it comes in as fit a time as can be.

*Quo.* Nay take me with you agen ere you go sir, I offer him no trash tell him, but present mony, say, where I know some Gentlemen in towne ha beene glad, and are glad at this time, to take vp commodities in Hawks hoods, and browne paper.

*Eas.* Oh horrible, are there such fooles in towne?

*Quo.* I offer him no trash tell him, vpon my Religion you may say, — Now my sweet Shortyard, — now the hungry fish begins to nibble: one end of the worme is in his mouth ysaith.

*Tomazin above.*

*Tom.* Why stand I here (as late our gracelesse Dames That found no eyes) to see that Gentleman

Allue, in state and credite executed,

Helpe to rip vp himselfe, do's all he can,

Why am I wife to him that is no man?

I suffer in that Gentleman's confusion.

*Eas.* Nay be perswaded in that maister Blastfield, tis readie mony at the Marchants: beside, the Winter season, and all falls in as par as can be to helpe it.

## Michaelmas Tearme

*Short.* Weil Maister Easie, none but you could haue perswaded me to that, come, would you would dispatch then Maister Quomodo, where's this cloath?

*Quo.* Full and whole within, all of this peece of my Religion Maister Blastfield, feel't, nay feel't and spare not, Gentlemen! your fingers and your iudgement.

*Short.* Clothe's good.

*Easi.* By my troth exceeding good cloath, a good wale t'as,

*Quo.* Falshlight.

*Falsh.* I'm neere out 'at the shop sir.

*Quo.* Go, call in a Porter presently to carrie away the cloath with the Starre marke, whither will you please to haue it carryed Maister Blastfield?

*Short.* Faith to Maister Beggar-land, hee's the onely Marchant now: or his Brother Maister Stilliard-downe, there's little difference.

*Quo.* Yaue hapned vpon the money men sir, they and some of their Bretheren I can tell you, will not sticke to offer thirtie thousand pound to be curst still, great monyed men, their stockes lye in the Poores throates: but youle see me sufficiently discharg'd Maister Blastfield ere you depart.

*Short.* You haue alwaies found me righteous in that.

*Quo.* Falshlight.

*Falsh.* Sir.

*Quo.* You may bring a Scriuener along with you.

*Falsh.* Ile remember that sir.

*Quo.* Haue you sent for a Cittizen Maister Blastfield?

*Short.* No faith not yet——Boy!

*Easi.* What must you doe with a Cittizen sir?

*Short.* A custome they're bound to alate by the default of euill debtors, no Cittizen must lend money without two bee bound in the bond, the second Man enters but for custome sake.

*Easi.* No, and must hee needes be a Cittizen?

*Short.* Byth masse stay, ile learne that, Maister Quomodo!

*Quo.* Sir.

*Short.* Must the second partie that enters into bond onely for fashions sake needes be a Cittizen? what say you to this Gen-



# Michaelmas Tearme.

leman for one?

*Quomo.* Alasse fir, you know hee's a meere stranger to me, I neither am sure of his going or abiding, hee may Inne heere to Night, and ride away to morrow, (although I graunt the chiefe burden lyes vpon you ) yet wee are bound to make choice of those we know fir.

*Short.* Why hee's a Gentleman of a prettie liuing fir.

*Quo.* It may be so: yet vnder both your pardons I'd rather haue a Cittizen.

*Easie.* I hope you wil not disparadge me so? tis wel known I haue three hundred pound a yeare in Essex,

*Short.* Well saide, to him thy selfe, take him vp roundly.

*Easie.* And how doubtfullie so ere you account of me, I doe not thinke but I might make my bond passe for a hundred pound 'ith Citie.

*Quo.* What alone fir?

*Easie.* Alone fir: who saies so? perhaps ide send downe for a Tennant or too.

*Quo.* I. that's another case fir.

*Easie.* Another case let it be then.

*Quo.* Nay, grow not into anger fir.

*Easie.* Not take me into a Bond, as good as you shall good man Goose-cap.

*Quo.* Wel Maister Blastfield, because I wil not disgrace the Gentleman, i'me content for once, but we must not make a practise on't.

*Easie.* No fir, now you would you shall not.

*Quo.* Cuds me, i'me vndone, hee's gone agen.

*Short.* The Netts broke.

*Toma.* Hold there deere Gentleman.

*Easie.* Deny me that small curtizie? s'foot a very Iew will not deny it me.

*Short.* Now must I catch him warily.

*Easie.* A iest indeede, not take me into a Bond quo they.

*Short.* Maister Easie——Marke my words, if it stood not vpon the eternall losse of thy credit against Supper——

*Easie.* Masse that's true.

*Short.* The pawning of thy horse for his owne Vittailles.

# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Eas.* Right yfaith.

*Sho.* And thy vtter dissolution amongst Gentlemen for euer.

*Eas.* Pox on't.

*Sho.* Quomodo should hang, rot, stinke.

*Quo.* Sweete boy yfaith.

*Sho.* Drop Dam.

*Quo.* Excellent Shortyard.

*Eas.* I forgot all this: what meant I to swagger before I had money in my purse? how do's maister Quomodo? is the Bond readie?

*Quo.* Oh sir.

*Enter Dustbox the Scriuener.*

*Eas.* Come we must be friends, heer's my hand.

*Quo.* Giue it the Scriuener: here he comes.

*Dust.* Good day Maister Quomodo, good morrow Gentlemen.

*Quo.* We must require a little ayde from your pen, good master Dustbox.

*Dust.* What be the Gentlemens names that are bound sir?

*Quo.* Master Iohn Blastfield Esquire ith wilde of Kent, and what doe they call your bedfellows name?

*Sho.* Maister Richard Easie: you may easily hit on't.

*Quo.* Master Richard Easie of Essex Gentleman, both bound to Ephestian Quomodo Citizen and Draper of London: the summe two hundred pound. What Time doe you take master Blastfield for the payment?

*Sho.* I neuer passe my Month you know.

*Quo.* I know it sir.

October sixteenth to day, sixteenth of Nouember say.

*Eas.* Is it your custome to returne so soone sir?

*Sho.* I neuer misse you.

*Enter Falstight like a Porter, sweating.*

*Fals.* I am come for the rest of the same price maister Quomodo.

*Quo.* Star-marke, this is it, are all the rest gone?

*Fal.* Thei'r all at Master Sulyard-downes by this time.



*Eas.* How the poore raskall's all in a froth?

*Sho.* Push, th ei'r ordaind to sweate for Gentlemen,  
Porters backes, and womens bellies beare vp the world.

*Eas.* Tis true yfaith, they beare men and money, and that's  
the world.

*Sho.* Ye'auelound it fir.

*Dust.* I'me readie to your hands Gentlemen.

*Sho.* Come Master *Easie*.

*Eas.* I beseech you fir.

*Sho.* It shall be yours I say.

*Eas.* Nay pray master Blastfield.

*Sho.* I will not yfaith.

*Eas.* What doe you meane fir?

*Sho.* I should shew little bringing vp, to take the way of a  
stranger.

*Eas.* By my troth you doe your selfe wrong tho maister  
Blastfield.

*Sho.* Not a whit fir.

*Eas.* But to auoid strife, you shall haue your will of mee for  
once.

*Sho.* Let it be so I pray.

*Quo.* Now I begin to set one foote vppon the lande, mee  
thinkes I am felling of Trees alreadie, wee shall haue some  
Essex Loggs yet to keepe Christmasse with, and that's a  
comfort.

*Toma.* Now is he quartring out the Executioner.

Stides ouer him: with his owne blood he writes:

I am no Dame that can endure such sighs. *Exit.*

*Sho.* So his right wing is cut, will not flie firre

Past the two Cittie hazards, Poultrie, and Woodstreere.

*Eas.* How like you my Roman hand yfaith?

*Dust.* Exceeding well fir, but that you rest too much vpon  
your R. and make your ease too little.

*Eas.* Ile mend that presently.

*Dust.* Nay tis done now, past mending: you both deliuer  
this to maister Quomodo as your deede?

*Sho.* We doe fir.

*Quo.* I thanke you Gentlemen,

*Sho.* Would

*Michaelmas Tearme.*

*Sho.* Would the Coyne would come away now; we haue deseru'd for't

*Enter Falstight with the cloath.*

*Falst.* By your leaue a little Gentlemen.

*Sho.* How now? what's the matter? speake?

*Falst.* As fast as I can sir—All the cloathes come backe again.

*Quo.* How?

*Sho.* What's the newes?

*Falst.* The passage to Middleborrow is stopt, and therefore neither Maister Stillyard-downe, nor Maister Beggerland, nor any other Merchāt wil deliuer present money vpon't.

*Quo.* Why what hard lucke haue you Gentlemen?

*Eas.* Why Maister Blastfield?

*Sho.* Pish——

*Eas.* You'r so discontented too presently, a man cannot tell how to speake to you?

*Sho.* Why what would you say?

*Ea.* We must make somewhat on't now sir.

*Sho.* I where? how? the best is it lyes all vppon my necke, Maister *Quomodo*, can you help me to any money fort? speak

*Quo.* Troth Maister Blastfield, since my selfe is so vnfortunisht, I knowe not the meanes how, there's one 'ith streete a new setter vp, if any lay out money vppon't twill be he.

*Sho.* His name?

*Quo.* Master Idem——but you know we cannot giue but greatly to your losse, because we gaine and line by't.

*Sho.* Sfoe't will he giue any thing.

*Ea.* I, stand vppon that.

*Sho.* Will he giue any thing?——the Brokers will giue nothing? to no purpose.

*Quo.* Falstight.

*Falst.* Ouer your head sir.

*Quo.* Desire Maister Idem to come presently and looke vppo'th cloath.

*Falst.* I will sir.

*Sho.* What if hee should offer but a hundred pound?

*Eas.* If

*Eas.* If he want twentie on't lets take it.

*Sho.* Say you so?

*Ea.* Maister Quomodo wil haue foure or five hundred pound for you of his owne within three or foure daies.

*Sho.* Tis true, he saide so indeede.

*Eas.* Is That your wife maister Quomodo?

*Quo.* That's shee, little Tomazin?

*Eas.* Vnder your leaue sir, ile show my selfe a Gentleman.

*Quo.* Doe, and welcome Maister Easie.

*Ea.* I haue commission for what I doe Lady from your Husband.

*Toma.* You may haue a stronger commission for the next, an't please you, that's from my selfe.

*Enter Sim.*

*Eas.* You teach me the best law Lady.

*Toma.* Beshrew my blood, a proper, spring full, and a sweet Gentleman.

*Quo.* My Sonne: Sim Quomodo? heere's more worke for you Maister Easie, you must salute him too, for hee's like to be heire of thy land I can tell thee.

*Sim.* *Vim, viam, spring, salutem.*

*Quo.* He shoves you there he was a Cambridge man sir, but now hee's a Templer, ha's he not good grace to make a Lawyer?

*Eas.* A very good grace to make a Lawyer.

*Sho.* For indeede he ha's no grace at all.

*Quo.* Some gaue me counsell to make him a Diuine.

*Eas.* Fye, fie.

*Quo.* But some of our liuerie thinke it an vnfit thing, that our owne Sonnes should tell vs of our vices: others, to make him a Phisitian, but then being my heyre, i'me afraide hee would make me away: now a Lawyer thei'r all willing too, because tis good for our trade and encreaseth, the number of Cloath-gownes: and indeede tis the fittest for a Cittizens Sonne, for our word is, what doe yee lacke? and their word is what doe you giue.

*Eas.* Exceeding proper.



*Michaelmas Tearme.*

*Enter Falstigh for Maister Idem.*

*Quo.* Maister Idem welcome.

*Fals.* I haue seene the cloath sir.

*Quo.* Verie well.

*Fals.* I am but a yong setter vp, the vittermost I dare venture vppon't is three-score pound.

*Sho.* What?

*Fals.* If it be for me, so, I am for it: if not, you haue your cloth and I haue my money.

*Eas.* Nay, pray maister Blastfield refuse not his kinde offer.

*Sho.* A bargaine then maister Idem, clap hands—hee's finely cheated: come, let's all to the next Tauerne and see the money paide.

*Eas.* A match.

*Quo.* I follow you Gentlemen, take my Sonne along with you.

*Exeunt.*

Now to my keyes: i'time Maister Idem, hee must fetch the money, first haue I caught him in a bond for two hundred pound, and my two hundred poundes worth a cloath agen for three-score pound: admire me all you studyents at Innes of couenage.

*Exit.*

*Finit Actus secundus.*

*Incipit Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Lethes pander, Helgill, the Coūtrie wench comming in with a new fashion Gowne drest Gentlewoman like, she Taylor pointes it, and a Tyrewomen busie about her head.*

*Helg.* You talke of an alteration, heer's the thing it selfe, what base birthe does not rayment make glorious? and what glorious birthes do not ragges make infamous? why should not a woman confesse what she is now? since the finest are but deluding shadowes, begot betweene Tyrewomen and Taylors? for instance, beholdeth their Parents.

*Com.* Say what you wil, this wire becomes you best, how say you Taylor?

*Tayl.* I promise you tis a wire would draw mee from my worke seauen daies a weeke.

*Curt.* Why doe you worke a sundaies Taylor? (bidden

*Taylor.* Hardest of al a Sundaies, because we are most for-

*Curt.* Tioth



# Michaelmas Terme

*Curt.* Troth and so doe moſte of vs women, the better day the better deede we thinke.

*Com.* Excellēt exceeding yfaith, a narrow eard wyer ſets out a cheekē ſo fat and ſo full, and if you be rulde by me, you ſhal weare your hayre ſtill like a mock-face behinde, tis ſuch an Italian world, many men knowe not Before from Behinde.

*Tayl.* How like you the ſitting of this gowne now miſtris Comings?

*Com.* It ſits at meruailous good Eaſe, and comely diſcretion.

*Helg.* Who would thinke now this fine Sophiſticated ſqual came out of the Boſome of a Barne, and the loynes of a Hay-toſſer.

*Curt.* Out you ſawcye peſtiferous Pander, I ſcorne that yfaith.

*Helg.* Excellent, already the true phraſe and ſtile of a ſtrumpet, ſtay, a little more of the red, and then I take my leaue of your Cheeke for foure & twenty houres——Doe you not thinke it impoſſible that her owne Father ſhould know her now, if he ſaw her?

*Curt.* Why I thinke no leſſe, how can he knowe me, when I ſcarce knowe my ſelfe.

*Helg.* Tis right.

*Curt.* But ſo well you lay waite for a man for me.

*Helg.* I proteſt I haue beſtowed much labour about it, and in fit Time, good newes I hope.

*Enter one bringing in her Father in diſguiſe to ſerue her.*

1 Iu'e found one yet at laſt, in whoſe preferment I hope to reape credit.

*Curt.* Is that the fellowe?

1 Lady it is.

*Curt.* Art thou willing to ſerue me fellow?

*Fath.* So pleaſe you, he that ha's not the heart to ſerue ſuch a miſtris as your beautifull ſelfe, deſerues to be honoured for a foole, or Knighted for a Coward.

## Michaelmas Tearme.

*Curtiz.* There's too many of them already.

*Fath.* Twere sinne then to raise the number.

*Curt.* Well, wee letrie both our likings for a month, and then eyther proccede, or let fall the suite.

*Fath.* Be it as you haue spoke, but tis my hope  
A longer Tearme.

*Curt.* No truely, our Tearme endes once a month, wee should get more then the Lawyers, for they haue but foure Termes a yeare, and wee haue twelue, & that makes e'm run so fast to vs in the Vacation.

*Fath.* A mistress of a choice beauty, amongst such imperfect creatures I ha not seene a perfecter: I should haue reckoned the fortunes of my Daughter amongst the happiest, had she lighted into such a seruice, whereas now I rest doubt full, whome or where she serues.

*Curt.* There's for your bodily aduice Taylor, and theres for your head-counsell, and I discharge you both till to morrowe morning agen.

*Tay.* At which time our neatest Attendance.

*Coin.* I pray haue an especiall care howseuer you stand or lye, that nothing fall vppon your haire to batter your wire.

*Curt.* I warrant you for that—which Gowne becomes me best now, the purple Sattin or this?

*Helg.* If my opinion might rule ouer you——

*Enter Lethe with Rerage and Salewood.*

*Lethe.* Come gallants, ile bring you to a Beauty shal stricke your eyes into your hearts, what you see you shall desire, yet neuer enioy.

*Rer.* And that's a Villanous torment.

*Sal.* And is she but your vnderput Maister Lethe?

*Lethe.* No more of my credit, and a Gentlewoman of a great house Noble parentage, vnmatchable Education, my plain Pung. I may grace her with the name of a Curtizan, a Backslider, a Prostitution, or such a Toy, but when all comes to al tis but a plaine Pung, looke you Gentlemen, that's she, behold her.

*Curt.* Oh my beloued strayer! I consume in thy absence.

*Lethe.* La

# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Leth.* La you now——— you shall not say ile be proud to you Gentlemen, I giue you leaue to salute her, I me afraide of nothing now, but that shee le vtterlie disgrace e'm, turn taile to e'm, and placetheir kisses behinde her, no by my faith, she deceiues me, by my troth sha's kist am both with her lips: I thanke you for that musick maisters, shid they both court her at once, and see if she ha not the wit to stand still and let e'm: I thinke if two women were brewde into one, there is that woman would drinke e'm vp both.

*Rera.* A Cockscombe, he a Courtier.

*Curt.* He saies he ha's a place there.

*Sal.* So ha's the Foole a better place then he, and can come where he dare not show his head.

*Leth.* Nay, heare you me Gentlemen?

*Sal.* I protest you were the last man we spoke on, we're a little busie yet, pray stay there a while, wee come to you presently.

*Leth.* This is good yfaith, indure this and be a slaue for euer, since you neither fauour of good breeding nor bringing vp, ile slice your hamstrings, but ile make you show manly——— pox on you, leaue courting, I ha not the heart to hurt an Englishman yfaith, or else———

*Sal.* What else?

*Leth.* Prethee lets be merrie, nothing else——— heere, fetch some wine.

*Curt.* Let my Seruant goe for't.

*Let.* Your's, which is he?

*Sho.* This sir, but I scarce like my Mistris now: the loynes can nere be safe where the Flyes be so busie———

Witte by experience bought foyles wit at Schoole,

Who proues a deeper knaue then a Spent foole?

I am gone for your worships wine sir.

*Helg.* Sir, you put vp too much indignitie, bring company to cut your owne throate, the fire is not yet so hot, that you neede two Screenes before it, tis but new kindled yet, if twer e risse to a flame I could not blame you the to put others before you but alas all the heate yet is comfortable, a cherisher, not a defacer.



# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Let.* Prethe let e'm alone, theile bee asham'd ont anon I troe, if they haue any grace in 'em.

*Helg.* Ide faine haue him quarrell, fight, and be assuredlye kild, that I might beg his place: for there's nere a one voide yet.

*Enter Shortyard with Easie.*

*Cur.* Youle make him mad anon.

*Sale.* Tis to that end.

*Sho.* Yer at last, Maister Quomodo is as firme as his promise.

*Eas.* Did I not tell you still he would.

*Sho.* Let me see, I am seauen hundred pound in bond now to the Rascall.

*Eas.* Nay y'are no lesse Maister Blastfield, looke too't, by my troth, I must needs confesse sir, you ha bene vncommonly kinde to me, since I ha beene in Towne, but maister Alsup shall know on't.

*Sho.* That's my Ambition sir.

*Eas.* I beseech you sir.

Stay, this is Lethes haunt, see, we haue catcht him.

*Leth.* Maister Blastfield and Maister Easie, y'are kinde Gentlemen both.

*Sho.* Is that the beauty you famide so?

*Lech.* The same.

*Sho.* Who be those so industrious about her?

*Let.* Rerage and Salewood; Ile tell you the vnmannerly estricke of e'm, that euer you heard in your life.

*Sho.* Prethee whats that?

*Leth.* I enuyted e'm hyther to looke vpon her, brought e'm along with me, gaue e'm leaue to salute her in kindnes, what doe they but moeste sawcilie fall in loue with her, verye impudently court her for themselues, and like two craftye Atturneyes, finding a hole in my lease, goe about to defeate me of my right.

*Sho.* Ha they so little conscience?

*Leth.* The moeste vnciuillst part that you haue seene, I know theile be sorry for't when they haue done, for ther's no man but giues a sigh after his sin of women, I knowe it by my selfe.

*Sho.* Yo

*Sho.* You parcell of a rude, sawcie and vnmannerly nation.  
*Leth.* One good thing in him, heelettell e'mont  
roundly.

*Sho.* Cannot a Gentleman purchase a little fire to thawe  
his appetite by, but must you that haue beene dayly findg'd  
in the flame, be as greedy to beguile him on't? how can it ap-  
peare in you but maliciously, and that you goe about to en-  
grosse hell to your selues: heauen forbid, that you should not  
suffer a stranger to come in, the Devill himselfe is not so vn-  
mannerly, I doe not thinke but some of them rather will be  
wise enough to beg Offices there before you, and keepe  
you out, marry all the spite will bee they cannot sell e'm a-  
gen.

*Eas.* Come, are you not to blame——not to giue place?——  
To vs I meane——

*Lot.* A worfe and a worfe disgrace.

*Cur.* Nay Gentlemen, you wrong vs both then, stand from  
me, I protest ile draw my siluer Bodkin vpon you.

*Sho.* Clubs, clubs, —— Gentlemen stand vppon your  
Guard.

*Curt.* A Gentlewoman must swagger a little now and then  
I perceiue, there would bee no ciuilitie in her Chamber else,  
though it be my hard fortune to haue my keeper there a cow-  
ard, the thing that's kept is a Gentlewoman borne.

*Sho.* And to conclude a Coward, infallible of your side,  
why doe you thinke yfaith I tooke you to be a Coward? doe I  
thinke youle turne your backe to anye man liuing? youle be  
whipt first.

*Eas.* And then indeede she turnes her backe to some man  
liuing.

*Sho.* But that man showes himselfe a Knaue, for he dares  
not showe his owne face when hee does it, for some of the  
common Counsell in Henry the eights daies thought it mo-  
destie at that time, that one Vizzard should looke vppon a-  
nother.

*Eas.* Twas honestly considered of e'm yfaith.

*Enter Mather Grull.*

*Sho.* How now? what peece of stuffe comes heere?

*Leth.* Now

*Letb.* Now some good newes yet to recouer my Reputē,  
and grace me in this company; Gentlemen, are we friendes  
among our selues?

*Sho.* Vnited.

*Letb.* Then heere comes Renish to confirme our Amicitie—  
Wag-taile, salute them all they are friendes.

*Curr.* Then sauing my quarrell to you all.

*Sho.* Toe's all

*Curr.* Now be throwe your hearts, and you doe not.

*Sho.* To sweete maister Lethe.

*Let.* Let it flow this way deere Maister Blafffield; Gentle-  
men to you all.

*Sho.* This Renish wine is like the scowring-sticke to a  
gun, it makes the Barrell cleere: it ha's an excelent vertue, it  
keepees all the Sinckes in man and womans bodie sweete in  
Iune and Iuly, and to say truth, if Ditches were not cast once  
a yeare, and Drabs once a Month, there would be no abiding  
ith Cittie.

*Let.* Gentlemen, ile make you priuie to a letter I sent.

*Sho.* A letter comes well after priuie, it makes amends.

*Let.* There's one Quomodo a Drapers Daughter in towne  
whome for her happie portion I wealthily affect.

*Rer.* And not for loue: this makes for me his Riual, beare  
witnesse.

*Letb.* The Father does elect me for the man,  
The Daughter sayes the same.

*Sho.* Are you not well?

*Le.* Yes all but for the mother, shee's my sicknesse.

*Sho.* Birlady and the Mother is a pestilent, wilfull, trouble-  
some sicknesse I can tell you, if she light vpon you handsom-  
lye.

*Let.* I finde it so: she for a stranger pleades:  
Whose name I ha not learn'd.

*Rer.* And enenow he cald me by it.

*Let.* Now as my letter tolde her, since onely her consent  
kept aloofe of, what might I thinke on't, but that she meere-  
ly dooted vpon me herselfe.

*Sho.* Very assuredly.

*Sale.* This



# *Michaelmas Te arme.*

*Sale.* This makes still for you.

*Sho.* Did you let it goe so yfaith?

*Let.* You may beleeue it sir, now what sayes her answere?

*Sho.* I, her answere.

*Gruil.* She saies you'r a base proud knaue, and like your worship.

*Let.* How?

*Sho.* Nay, heare out hir answere, or there's no goodnesse in you.

*Gruil.* You ha forgot she saies in what pickle your worship came vp, and brought two of your friendes to giue their wordes for a sute of greene Kerseye.

*Let.* Drudge, peace, or——

*Sho.* Show your selfe a Gentleman, she had the patience to reade your letter which was as bad as this can be, what will she thinke on't, notheare her answere? speake, good his drudge.

*Gruil.* And as for hir Daughter, shee hopes sheele be rulde by her in time, and not be carryed away with a cast of Manchets, a bottle of Wine, and a Custard, which once made her Daughter sicke, because you came by it with a bad conscience.

*Let.* Gentlemen, i'me all in a sweate.

*Sho.* That's verie wholsome for your body, nay you must keepe in your armes.

*Gru.* Then she demaunded of me whether I was your worships Ant or no? *Let.* Out, out, out, *Gru.* Alasse saide I, I am a poore drudge of his.

Faith and thou wert his Mother (quoth she) heed make thee his Dru dge I warrant him.——

Marry out vpon him (quoth I) an't like your worship.

*Let.* Horror, horror, i'me smother'd, let me goe, torment me not.

*Exit.*

*Sho.* And you loue me, lets follow him Gentlemen.

*All.* Agreed.

*Exeunt*

*Sho.* I count a hundred pound wel spent to perluue a good iest Maister Easie.

*Easi.* By my troth I begin to beare that minde too.

*Michaelmas Terme.*

*Sho.* Well saide yfaith, hang money-good iests are worth  
silver at all times.

*Eas.* They'r worth golde Maister Blastfield. *Exeunt.*

*Curt.* Doe you deceiue me so? are you toward marriage-  
faith Malter Lethe it shall goe hard but ile forbid the Banes,  
ile send a messēger into your bones, another into your purse  
but ile doo't. *Exit.*

*Fath.* Thou faire and wicked Creature. Slept in Arte,  
Beautious and fresh, the soule the fowlest part.

A common Filth, is like a House possesse,  
Where if not spoild, youle come out fraide at least,  
This seruice likes not me, though I rest poore,  
I hate the basest vse to screene a whore.

The humane stroke nere made him, hee that can  
Be Bawde to Woman, neuer leapt from man.

Some monster wunne his Mother,  
I wisht my poore childe hether, doubled wrong,

A month and such, a mistris were too long,  
Yet heere awhile in others liues ile see,

How former follyes, did appeare in me.

*Exit.*

*Enter Easie with Shortyards Boy.*

*Eas.* Boy.

*Boy.* Anon sir.

(you?)

*Eas.* Where left you Maister Blastfield your maister, say

*Boy.* An houre since I left him in Paules sir——but  
youle not finde him the same man agen next time you meete  
him.

*Eas.* Me thinks I haue noe beeing without his companie  
is so full of kindenes and delight, I holde him to be the one-  
ly Companyon in earth.

*Boy.* I, as Companions goe now adaies that helpe to spend  
a mans money.

*Eas.* So full of nimble wit, various discourse, pręgnant ap-  
prehension, and vncommon entertainment, hee might keepe  
Company with any Lord for his grace.

*Boy.* I, with any Lord that were past it.

*Eas.* And such a good freehearted honest, affable kinde of  
*Gen.*

# Michaelmas Tearme.

Gentleman: Come Boy a heauincesse will possesse me till I see him.  
*Exit.*

Boy. But youle finde your selfe heauyer then, by a seauen hundred pound weight, — Alasse poore Birds that cannot keepe the sweete Countrie, where they flye at pleasure, but must needs come to London to haue their wings clipt, and are faine to goe hopping home agen.  
*Exit.*

*Enter Shortyard and Falflight like a Saricant and a Yeoman to arrest Easie.*

Sho. So, No man is so impudent to denye that — Spirits can change their shapes, and soonest of all into Serjeants: becausethey are Coosen Germans to spirits, for there's but two kinde of arrests till Doome's-day, the Denill for the soule, the Serjeant for the body, but afterward the deuill arrests bodye and soule. Serjeant & all, if they be knaues still, and deserue it, now my yeoman Falflight.

Fals. I Attend you good Serjant Shortyard.

Shor. No more maister Blastfield now — poore Easie hardly beset.

Fals. But how if he should goe to prison, weere in a madde state then, being not Serjeants.

Sho. Neuer let it come neere thy beleefe that heele take prison, or stand out in lawe, knowing the debt to be due, but still expect the presence of Maister Blastfield, kinde M. Blastfield, worshipfull M. Blastfield — and at the last —

Boy. Maister Shortyard, maister Falflight.

Sho. The Boy: a warning-piece, — see where he comes.

*Enter Easie with the Boy.*

Eas. Is not in paules.

Boy. He is not farre off sure sir.

Eas. When was his hovre sayst thou?

Boy. Two sir.

Eas. Why two ha's stricke.

Boy. No sir, they are now a striking.

Sho. Maister Richard Easie of Essex we arrest you.



# *Michaelmas Tearme.*

*Eaf.* Ha?

*Boy.* Alasse a Surgeon, hee's hurt ich shoulder.

*Sho.* Deliuer your weapons quietly sir.

*Eaf.* Why what's the matter?

*Sho.* Yare arrested at the suite of M. Quomodo.

*Eaf.* Maister Quomodo?

*Sho.* How strange you make it, you 'r a landed Gentleman sir, I knew tis but a trifle, a bond of seauen hundred pound.

*Eaf.* La, I knowe you had mistooke, you should arrest One Maister Blastfield, tis his bond, his debt.

*Sho.* Is not your name there?

*Eaf.* True, for fashions sake.

*Sho.* Why and tis for fashions sake that we arrest you.

*Eaf.* Nay, & it be no more, I yeelde to that: I know Maister Blastfield wil see me take no iniurie as long as i'me in towne, for Maister Alsups sake.

*Sho.* Whose that Sir?

*Eaf.* An honest Gentleman in Essex.

*Sho.* Oh, in Essex! I thought you had beene in London, where now your busines lyes, honestye from Essex will be a great while a comming sir, you should looke out an honest paire of Cittizens.

*Eaf.* Alasse sir, I knowe not where to finde e'm.

*Sho.* No, there's enow in Towne.

*Eaf.* I know not one by my troth, I am a meere stranger for these partes, Maister Quomodo is all, and the honestest that I knowe.

*Sho.* To him then lets set forward: ——— Yeoman Spiderman, cast an eye about for Maister Blastfield.

*Eaf.* Boy ——— Alasse the poore boy was frighted away at first.

*Sho.* Can you blame him sir ——— we that dayly fray away Knight's, may fright away Boyes I hope. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Quomodo with the Boy.*

*Qro.* Ha? haue they him sayst thou?

*Boy.* As sure as ———

*Qro.* The

## *Michaelmas Tearme.*

*Quo.* The land's mine, thats sure enough boy.  
Let me aduance thee knaue, and giue thee a kisse,  
My plot's so firme I dare it now to misse.  
Now shall I be diuulge a landed man,  
Throughout the luerie:—one points, another whispers,  
A third frets inwardly: let him fret and hang,  
Especially his enuie I shall haue,  
That would be faine, yet cannot be a knaue,  
Like an olde leather girt in furde Gowne,  
Whose minde stands stiffe, but his performance downe.  
Now come my golden daies in:—whither is the wor-  
shipfull master Quomodo, and his faire Bedfellow rid forth,  
To his land in Essex? whence comes those goodly loades of  
Logs? from his land in Essex? where growes this pleasant  
fruit, sayes one Citizens wife in the rowe; at maister Quo-  
modos Orchard in Essex; oh, oh, do's it so, I thanke you for  
that good newes yfaith.

*Boy.* Here they come with him sir.

*Quo.* Grant mee patience in my ioyes, that being so great  
I run not mad with 'em.

*Sho.* Blesse maister Quomodo.

*Quo.* How now Serjeants? who ha you brought me here,  
master Easie? (stooke?)

*Eas.* Why la you now Serjeants, did I not tell you you mi-

*Quo.* Did you not heare me say, I had rather ha had master  
Blastfield, the more sufficient man a great deale?

*Sho.* Verie true sir, —but this Gentleman lighting into  
our hands first——

*Quo.* Why did you so sir?

*Sho.* Wee thought good to make vse of that oportunitie,  
and hold him fast.

*Quo.* You did well in that I must needs say, for your owne  
securities, but twas not my minde master Easie to haue you  
first, you must needs thinke so.

*Eas.* I dare sweare that master Quomodo.

*Quo.* But since you are cometo me, I haue no reason to re-  
fuse you, I should show little manners in that sir.

*Eas.* But I hope you speake not in that sence sir, to impose

# *Michaelmas Tearme.*

the bond vpon mee.

*Quo.* By my troth that's my meaning sir, you shall finde mee an honest man, you see I meane what I say, is not the day past, the money vtendred, you'd ha me liue vprightly maister Easie?

*Eas.* Why sir you know maister Blastfield is the man.

*Quo.* Why sir, I know maister Blastfield is the man, but is he any more then one man? two entred into bond to mee, or I me fowly coozn'd.

*Eas.* You know my entrance was but for fashion sake.

*Quo.* Why, ile agree to you, you'l grant tis the fashion like-wise when the Bond's due to haue the money paid agen.

*Sho.* So we told him sir, and that it lay in your worships curtezie to arrest which you please.

*Quo.* Marie do's it sir, these fellowes know the law, — beside, you offred your self into Bond to me you know, when I had no stomake to you, now beshrew your heart for your labour, I might ha had a good substantiall Citizen, that would ha paid the summe roundly, altho I think you sufficient enough for seauen hundred pound, beside the forfeiture, I would be loath to disgrace you so much before Serjeants.

*Eas.* If you would ha the pacience sir, I doe not thinke but maister Blastfield is at Carriers to receiue the money.

*Quo.* Hewil proue the honestest man then, & you the better discharged, I wonder he should breake with me, t'was neuer his practise, you must not bee angry with mee now, tho you were somewhat hot when you entred into Bond, you may easily go in angerly but you cannot come out so.

*Eas.* No, the Diuels in't for that

*Sho.* Do you heere sir, a my troth we pittie you, ha you any store of Crownes about you?

*Eas.* Faith a poore store, yet they shall be at their seruice that will striue to doe me good, --- we were both drunke last night, and neer thought vpon the bond.

*Sho.* I must tell you this, you haue fell into the hands of a most mercilesse deuourer, the verie gul at the citie, should you offer him mony, Goods or lands now, hee'd rather haue your bodie in prison, hee's a such a nature. *Eas.* Prison w'are vndon then.

*Sho.* Hee's



# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Sho.* Hee's a such a nature, looke:—Let him owe any man a pite! what's his course: he will lend him mony to day, a purpose to rest him to morrow.

*Eas.* Defend me?

*Sho.* Has at least sixteene at this instant proceeded in both the Counters: some batchler, some masters, some doctors of captiuitie of 20. years standing and he desires nothing more then imprisonment.

*Eas.* Would Ma. Blastfield would come away.

*Sho.* I, then things would not bee as they are, ——— what will you say to vs if wee procure you two substantiall subsidie Cittizens to baile you spite on's heart, and set you at libertie to finde out maister Blastfield.

*Eas.* Serjeant there, take all, ile be deare to you, doe but performe it.

*Sho.* Much.

*Fals.* Inough sweet Serjeant, I hope I vnderstand thee.

*Sho.* I loue to preuent the malice of such a rascall, perhaps you might find maister Blastfield tonight.

*Eas.* Why, we lie together man, there's the iest on't.

*Sho.* Fic, ——— and youle seeke to secure your baile, because they will be two Cittizens of good account, you must doe that for your credit sake.

*Eas.* Ile be bound to saue them harmelesse.

*Sho.* A pox on him, you cut his throte then, — no words.

*Eas.* What's it you require me maister Quomodo?

*Quo.* You know that before this time I hope sir, present money, or present imprisonment.

*Sho.* I told you so.

*Eas.* We nere had money of you.

*Quo.* You had commodities, an't please you

*Eas.* Well, may I not crane so much libertie vpō my word, to seeke out maister Blastfield?

*Quo.* Yes, and you would not laugh at me: wee are sometimes Gulls to Gentlemen, I thanke 'em; but Gentlemen are neuer Gulls to vs, I commend 'em.

*Sho.* Vnder your leave maister Quomodo, the Gentleman craues the furtherance of an houre, and it sorts well with our occasion

## Michaelmas Tearme.

occasion at this time, hauing a little vrgent busines at Guild-hall, at which minute wee le returne, and see what agreement is made.

*Quo.* Nay take him along with you Serjeant.

*Eas.* I'me vndone then.

*Sho.* Hee's your prisoner; and being safe in your house at your owne disposing, you cannot denie him such a request: beside, he hath a little faith in Ma. Blastfields comming sir.

*Quo.* Let me not be too long delaid I charge you.

*Eas.* Not an houre yfaith sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Quo.* O maister Easie, of all men liuing I neuer dream' you would ha done me this iniurie: make me wound my credite, faile in my commodities, ring my state into suspition: for the breaking of your day to me, has broken my day to others.

*Eas.* You tell me of that still, which is no fault of mine maister Quomodo.

*Quo.* Oh whats a man but his honestie maister Easie, and thats a fault amongst most of vs all, ---- Marke but this note, Ile giue you good counsell now, ——— as often as you giue your name to a bond, you must think you christen a child, and take the charge on't too: for as the one, the bigger it growes the more cost it requires: so the other the longer it lies, the more charges it puts you too, onely heer's the difference, a childe must bee broke, and a bond must not, the more you breake children, the more you keep 'em vnder: but the more you breake bondes, the more they leape in your face, and therefore, to conclude, I would neuer vndertake to bee Gossip to that bond which I would not see well brought vp.

*Eas.* Say you so sir? ——— Ile thinke vpon your counsaile hereafter for't.

*Quo.* Ah foole, thou shouldest neere ha tasted such witte but that I know tis too late.

*Tom.* The more I grieue.

*Quo.* To put all this into the compasse of a litle hoop Ring Make this account, come better dayes or worse,  
So many bonds abroad, so many boyes at nurse.

good medicine for a short memorie: ——— but since  
you

# *Michaelmas Tearme.*

you haue entred so farre, whose children are desperate depts  
I pray?

*Quo.* Faith they are like the of-springs of stolne lust, put to  
the hospital, their fathers are not to be found, they are either  
too far abroad, or too close within, and thus for your memo-  
ries sake.

*The desperate Debter hence deriues his name,  
One that has neither money, land nor fame,  
All that he makes, proue Bastards, and not Bonds,  
But such as yours, at first are borne to lands.*

*Eas.* But all that I beget heereafter ile soone disinherit  
Maister Quomodo.

*Quo.* In the meane time heere's a shrewd knaue will disin-  
herit you.

*Eas.* Well, to put you out of all doubt Maister Quomodo,  
ile not trust to your curtezies, I ha sent for bayle.

*Quo.* How? y'au coozned me there yfaith.

*Eas.* Since the worst comes to the worst, I haue those friends  
'ith Cittie, I hope that will not suffer me to lye for seauen  
hundred pound.

*Quo.* And you tolde me you had no friendes heere at all,  
how should a man trust you now?

*Eas.* That was but to trie your Curtesie M. Quomodo.

*Quo.* How vncōscionably he gulls himself——they must  
be wealtheie subsidie-men sir, at least fortye pound 'ith  
Kings Bookes I can tell you, that doe such a feate for you.

*Enter Shortyard and Falflight, like wealthy Cittizens  
in Satin suites.*

*Eas.* Heere they come, what soere they are.

*Quo.* Berlady Aldermans Deputies, I am verie sorrye for  
you sir, I cannot refuse such men.

*Sho.* Are you the Gentleman in distresse?

*Eas.* Nonemore then my selfe sir.

*Quo.* Hec speakes truer then he thinkes, for if he knew,  
The hearts that owe those faces —— a darke shop's good for  
somewhat.

*Eas.* That was all sir.



# Michaelmas Tearme

*Shor.* And that's enough, for by that meanes you haue made your selfe liable to the Bond, as well as that Base-field.

*Eas.* Blastfield sir.

*Sho.* Oh crie you mercie tis Blastfield indeede.

*Eas.* But vnder both your worships fauours I know where to finde him presently.

*Sho.* That's all your refuge,

*Boy.* Newes, good newes Master Easie

*Eas.* What boy?

*Boy.* Maister Blastfield my maister has receiued a thousand pound, and will be at his lodging at supper.

*Easie.* Happye newes, heare you that Maister Quomodo?

*Quo.* Tis enough for you to heare that, y'are the fortunate man sir.

*Eas.* Not now I beseech your good worships.

*Sho.* Gentleman, what's your rother name?

*Eas.* Easie.

*Sho.* O Maister Easie—I would we could rather pleasure you otherwise Maister Easie, you should soone perceiue it, ile speake a proud word we haue pittied more Gentlemen in distresse, then any two Cittizens within the freedome—but to be baile to seanen hundred pound action, is a matter of shroud weight.

*Eas.* Ile be bound to secure you.

*Shor.* Tut, what's your bond sir?

*Eas.* Bodye, goods, and Lands, immediately before Maister Quomodo.

*Sho.* Shall we venture once agen, that haue beene so often vndone by Gentlemen?

*Eas.* I haue no great stomacke too't, it will appeare in vs more pittie then wisdom.

*Eas.* Why should you say so sir?

*Sho.* I like the Gentlemans face well, hee doe's not looke as if he would deceiue vs.

*Eas.* O not I sir.

*Sho.* Come wee le make a desperate voyage once agen,  
Weele

## Michaelmas Terme.

weele trye his honestie, and take his single bond, of body Goods and Lands.

*Eas.* I dearely thanke you sir.

*Sho.* Maister Quomodo?

*Quo.* Your worships.

*Shorryard.* We haue tooke a Course to set your prisoner free.

*Quo.* Your worships are good baile, you content me.

*Sho.* Come then, and be a witnesse to a Recullisance.

*Quo.* With all my heart sir.

*Sho.* Maister Easie, you must haue an especiall care now to find out that Blastfield.

*Eas.* I shall haue him at my lodging sir.

*Sho.* The suite will bee followed against you else, Maister Quomodo will come vpon vs, and for sake you.

*Eas.* I know that sir.

*Sho.* Well since I see you haue such a good minde to bee honest, ile leaue some greater affayres, and sweate with you to finde him my selfe.

*Eas.* Heare then my miserie ends.

Astrangers kindenesse oft exceeds a friends. *Exeunt.*

*Toma.* Thou art deceiu'd thy miserie but begins,

“ To beguile goodnes, is the coare of sins.

My loue is such vnto thee, that I die

As often as thou drink'st vp iniurie,

Yet haue no meanes to warne thee from't, for hee

“ That sowes in Craft, doe's rape in lealoufie.

*Rerrage.* Now the letters made vp and all, it wants but the print of a scale, and away it goes to Maister Quomodo: Andrew Lethe is well whipt in't, his name stands in a white sheete heere, and does pennance for him.

*Sale.* You haue shame enough against him. if that be good.

*Rer.* First as a contempt of that reuerend Ceremony, hee has in hand, to wit, marriage.

*Sale.* Why doe you say to wit marriage, when you knowe theres none will marrie that's wife.

*Rer.* Had it not more neede then, to haue wit to put too't if it be growne to a Folly?

# *Michaelmas Tearme*

*Sale.* Yaue wun,ile giue't you.

*Rerag.* Tis no thanks now,—but as I was saying: as a foule contempt to that sacred ceremony, hee moste audacioulye keepes a Drab in towne, and to be free from the interruption of blew Beadles, and other bawdy Officers, hee most politickly lodges her in a Constables house.

*Sale.* That's a prettie point yfaith.

*Rer.* And so the watch that should fetch her out, are her chiefest guard to keepe her in.

*Sale.* It must needes be for looke how the Constable playes his Conscience, the watch-men will followe the suire.

*Rer.* Why well then.

*Enter Easie with Shortyard like a Citizen.*

*Eas.* All night from mee hee's hurt, hee's made away.

*Sho.* Where shall we seeke him now? you leade me fayre i aunt's fir.

*Eas.* Pray keepe a little patience fir, I shall finde him at last you shall see.

*Sho.* A Cittizen of my ease and substance to walke so long afoote.

*Eas.* You should ha had my horse but that he ha's eaten out his head fir.

*Sho.* How would you had me hold him by the tayle fir then?

*Eas.* Manners forbid, tis no part of my meaning fir,—oh heere's Maister Rerage, and Maister Salewood, now we shall heare of him presently:—Gntlemen both.

*Sale.* Maister Easie, how fare you fir?

*Eas.* Verrye well in health, did you see Maister Blastfield this morning?

*Sale.* I was about to moue it to you.

*Rer.* We were all three in a minde then.

*Sale.* I ha not set eye on him these two daies.

*Rer.* I wonder he keepes so long from vs yfaith.

*Eas.* I begin to be sicke.

*Sale.* Why, what's the matter?

*Eas.* Nothing in troth, but a great desire I had to haue seene him.



# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Rer.* I wōder you shuld misse on't lately, you'r his bedfellow

*Eas.* I lay alone to night yfaith, — I doe not know how. O here comes master Lethe, he can dispatch me: Master Lethe!

*Leth.* What's your name sir? — O crie you mercie master Easie.

*Eas.* When parted you from maister Blastfield sir?

*Leth.* Blastfield's an Ass, I haue fought him these two dayes to beate him.

*Eas.* Your selfe all alone sir?

*Leth.* I, and three more. ——— *Exit.*

*Sho.* I am glad, I am where I am then, I perceiue twas time of all handes.

*Rer.* Content yfaith, let's trace him. *Exeunt after Lethe.*

*Sho.* What? haue you found him yet? neither? what's to be done now? ile venter my bodie no further for any Gentlemans pleasure, I know not how soone I may be cald vppon, and now to ouer-heate my selfe. ———

*Eas.* Ime vndone.

*Sho.* This is you that slept with him, you can make fooles of vs, but ile turne you ouer to Quomodo for't.

*Eas.* Good sir.

*Sho.* Ile preuent mine owne danger.

*Eas.* I beseech you sir.

*Sho.* Tho I loue Gentlemen well, I doe not meane to bee vndone for 'em.

*Eas.* Pray sir, let mee request you sir, sweete sir, I beseech you sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Musicke.*

*Finit Actus tertius.*

*Incipit quartus.*

*Enter Quomodo, his disguised spirits, after whom Easie follows hard.*

*Sho.* Made fooles of vs! not to be found!

*Quo.* What, what?

*Eas.* Do not vndoe me quite tho Ma. Quomodo.

*Quo.* Yare veriewelcome, master Easie, I ha nothing to say to you, ile not touch you, you may goe when you please, --- I haue good baile here I thanketheir worships.

# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Eas.* What shall I say, or whom shall I beseech?

*Sho.* Gentlemen, S'lid they were borne to vndo vs I thinke, but for my part, Ile make an oath before maister Quomodo here, nere to doe Gentlemen good while I liue.

*Fals.* Ile not be long behind you.

*Sho.* Away; if you had any grace in you, you would bee ashamed to looke vs ith face, ywis I wonder with what browe you can come amongst vs, I should seeke my fortunes farre enough if I were you, and neither returne to Essex, to bee a shame to my predecessors, nor remaine about London, to be a mocke to my successors.

*Quo.* Subtle Shortyard!

*Sho.* Here are his lands forfeited to vs master Quomodo, and to auoyd the inconstionable trouble of law, all the assurance he made to vs, we willingly resigne to you.

*Quo.* What shall I doe with Rubbith, giue me money: Tis for your worships to haue land, that keepe great houses, I should be hoysted.

*Sho.* But master Quomodo, if you would but conceyue it aright, the land would fall fitter to you then to vs.

*Eas.* Curtzing about my land.

*Sho.* You haue a towardly sonne and heyre as we heare.

*Quo.* I must needs say, he is a Templer indeed.

*Sho.* We haue neither posteritie in Towne nor hope for any abroad; we haue wines, but the markes haue beene out of their mouths these twentie yeares, and as it appeares, they did little good when they were in: wee could not stande about it sir, to get riches and children too, tis more then one man can doe. And I am of those Citizens mindes that say, let our wiues make shift for children and they will, they get none of vs; and I cannot thinke, but he that has both much wealth and many children, has had more helpes comming in then him selfe.

*Quo.* I am not a Bowe wide of your minde sir, ——— And for the thriftie and couetous hopes I haue in my sonne and heyre Sim Qmomodo, that hee will neuer trust his land in Waxe and Parchment as many Gentlemen haue done before him.

*Eas.* A

# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Eas.* A by-blow for me.

*Quo.* I will honestly discharge you, and receyue it in due forme and order of law, to strengthen it for euery to my sonne and heyre, that he may vndoubtedly enter vppon't without the let or molestation of any man, at his or our pleasure whensoever.

*Sho.* Tis so assurde vnto you.

*Quo.* Why then maister Easie y<sup>e</sup> are a freeman sir, you may deale in what you please, and goe whether you will Why Tomazin, maister Easie is come from Essex, bid him welcome in a cup of finall Beare.

*Tom.* Not onely vilde, but in it tyrannous.

*Quom.* If it please you sir, you knowe the house, you may visite vs often, and dine with vs once a quarter.

*Eas.* Confusion light on you, your wealth and heyre, Worme gnaw your conscience, as the Moth your ware, I am not the first heyre that rob'd, or beg'd. Exit.

*Quo.* Excellent excellent, sweet Spirits.

*Sho.* Landed maister Quomodo.

*Quo.* Delicate shortyard, commodious Falflight, Hug and away, shift, shift.

Tis slight, not strength that giues the greatest list.

Nowe my desires are full ——— for this tyme,

Men may haue Cormorant wishes, but alas

A little thing three hundred pound a yeare,

Suffices nature, keepe life and soule together,

Ile haue 'em leapt immediately.

I long to warme my selfe by th wood, ——— A fine iourney in the Whitsun-holydayes y<sup>e</sup> faith, to ride downe with a number of Citizens, and their wiues, some vpon pillions, some vpon Side-saddles I and litte Tomazin in the middle, our sonne and heire Sim Quomodo in a peach colour Taffata lack't, some horse length, or a long yard before vs, there will be a fine shew on's I can tell you, where we Citizens will laugh, and lie downe. get all our wiues with child against a bank, and get vp againe, -- stay, ha hast thou that wit y<sup>e</sup> faith, twill be admirable, to see how the very thought of greene fieldes puts a man into sweete inuentions. I will presently possesse Sim

Quomodo



## *Michaelmas Tearme.*

Quomodo of all the land, I haue a toy and ile doo't: and because I see before mine eies that most of our heires proue notorious Rioters after our deaths, and that cousonage in the father wheelles about to follie in the sonne, our posteritie commonly foylde at the same weapon, at which we plaide rarely. And being the worlds beaten worde, what's got ouer the Diuels backe, (that's by knauerie) must be spent vnder his bellie, (that's by lechery) being awake in these knowings, why should not I oppose 'em now, and breake destinie of her custome, preuenting that by pollicie, which without it must needes be Destinie? and I haue took the course, I will forth with sicken, call for my keyes, make my Will, and dispose of all, giue my sonne this blessing, that hee trust no man, keepe his hand from a queane, and a Scriuener, liue in his fathers faith, and doe good to no bodie: then will I begin to raue like a fellow of a wide conscience, and for all the worlde counterfeit to the life, that which I know I shall do when I die, take on for my golde, my landes, and my writings, grow worse and worse, call vpon the Diuell, and so make an ende. by this time I haue indented with a couple of searchers, who to vphold my deuice shall fray them out a'th Chamber with report of sicknesse, and so la, I start vp, and recouer agen: for in this businesse I will trust, no not my spirits Falshight & shortyard, but in disguise note the condition of al, how pittiful my wife takes my death, which wil appear by Nouember in her eye, and the fall of the leaf in her bodie, but especially by the cost she bestows vpon my funeral, there shall I trie her loue and regard, my daughters marrying to my will & lyking, and my sounes affection after my disposing: for to cōclude, I am as jealous of this land as of my wife, to know what would become of it after my decease. *Exit.*

*Enter Curtezan with her disguised father.*

*Fath.* Tho I be poore, tis my glorie to liue honest.

*Curt.* I prethee doe not leaue me.

*Fath.* To be bawde.

Hell has not such an office,  
I thought at first your minde had beene preseru'd,  
In vertue and in modestie of bloud,

That

that such a face had not bene made to please the vnfeiled Ap-  
petites of seuerall men,

Those eyes turn'd vp through prayer, not through lust,  
But you are wicked, and my thoughts vniuist.

*Curt.* Why thou art an vnreasonable fellow yfaith, doe  
not al Trades liue by their ware, and yet cald honest Liuers?  
doe they not thrine best, when they vtter moste, and make it  
away by the great? is not hole-sale the chiefeft marchandize?  
doe you thinke some Merchants could keepe their wiues so  
braue but for their hole-sale? you'r fowly deceiu'd and you  
thinke so.

*Fath.* You are so glewde to punishent and shame,  
Your wordes ee'n deserue whipping——to beare the ha-  
bit of a Gentlewoman, and be in minde so distant.

*Curt.* Why you foole you, are not Gentlewomen Sinners?  
and there's no coragious Sinner amongst vs, but was a Gen-  
tlewoman by the Mothers side I warrant you: besides, wee  
are not alwaies bound to thinke those our fathers that marrie  
our Mothers, but those that lye with our Mothers, and they  
may be Gentlemen borne & born agen for ought we know,  
you knowe.

*Fath.* True: corruption may well be Generatious first,  
“ Wee're bad by nature, but by custome worst. *Exeunt.*

*A Bell Toales, a Confused crie within.*

*Toma.* Oh my Husband.

*Sim.* My Father, O my Father.

*Fals.* My sweete Maister, dead!

*Enter Shortyard and the Boy.*

*Short.* Runne boy, bid'em ring out, hee's dead, hee's gone.

*Boy.* Then is as arrant a knaue gone, as ere was cal'd vppon.

*Sko.* The happyest good that euer Shortyard felt,

I want to be exprest, my mirth is such,

To bee struck now eenew when his ioyes were hyc,

Men onely kisse their knaueries, and so dye,

Iu'e often markt it.

Hee was a famous Coozner while he liu'd,

And now his Sonne shall reape it, ile ha the lands,

Let him Studye law after, tis no labour

to vndoe him for euer; but for Easie,  
 Onely good confidence did make him foolish,  
 And not the lack of Sence, that was not it,  
 Tis worldly craft beares downe a Schollars wit,  
 For this our Sonne and heyre now, hee  
 From his conception was entayl'd an Asse,  
 And hee ha's kept it well, twentie fūe yeares now,  
 Then the sleightest art will doo't, the landes lye faire,  
 " No Sinne to begger a deceiuers heyre. *Exit.*

*Enter Tomazin with Winefride her maide  
 in hast.*

*Toma.* Heere Wenefride, heere, heere, heere, I haue al-  
 waies found thee secret.

*Wini.* You shall alwaies finde me so Mistris.

*Toma.* Take this letter and this Ring.

*Wini.* Yes forsooth.

*Toma.* Oh how all the partes about me shake, — enquire  
 for one Maister Easie at his olde lodging 'ith the Blackfry-  
 ers,

*Win.* I will indeed forsooth.

*Toma.* Tell him the partie that sent him a hundred pound  
 tother day to cōfort his heart, ha's likewise sent him this Let-  
 ter and this Ring, which has that vertue to recouer him agen  
 for euer say — name no body Winifride.

*Win.* Not so much as you forsooth.

*Toma.* Good Girle, thou shalt haue a mourning Gowne at  
 the buryall of mine honestie.

*Win.* And ile effect your will a my Fedelitie. *Exit.*

*Toma.* I doe account my selfe the happyest Widdowe that  
 euer counterfetted weeping, in that I haue the leasure now,  
 both to doe that Gentleman good, and doe my selfe a plea-  
 sure, but I must seeme like a hanging Moone a little waterish  
 a while.

*Enter Rerage, Curtezans Father following.*

*Rer.* I entertaine both thee and thy Deuice,  
 T will put e'm both to shame.

*Fath.* That is my hope sir,  
 Especially that strumpet.

*Rer.* Saue



# *Michaelmas Tearme.*

*Rer.* Saue you sweete widdowe,  
I suffer for your heauinesse.

*Toma.* O Maister Rerage, I haue lost the dearest husband  
that euer woman did inioy.

*Rerg.* You must haue patience yet.

*Toma.* Oh talke not to mee of patience and you loue me,  
good Maister Rerage.

*Rer.* Yet if all tongues goe right, hee did not vse you so wel  
as a man mought.

*Toma.* Nay, that's true indeed Maister Rerage, he nere vsd  
me so well as a woman might haue beene vsde, that's certain  
in troth ta's beene our greatest falling out sir, and though it  
be the part of a widdowe, to show her selfe a woman for her  
Husbands death, yet when I remember al his vnkindnesse,  
I cannot weepe a stroake yfaith Maister Rerage, and there-  
fore wisely did a great widdow in this land, comfort vp  
another, goe too Lady (quoth she) leaue blubbering, thou  
thinkest vpon thy husbands good parts when thou sheddest  
teares, doe but remember, how often hee ha's laine from thee,  
and how many naughtie slipperie turnes he has done thee &  
thou wilt nere weepe for him I warrant thee—you would  
not thinke how that counsell ha's wrought with me Maister  
Rerage, I could not dispend another teare now, and you  
would giue me nere so much.

*Rer.* Why I count you the wiser Widdowe, it shoves you  
haue wisdom, when you can checke your passion, for  
mine owne part, I haue no sence to sorrowe for his death,  
whose life was the onely Rub to my affection.

*Toma.* Troth and so it was to mine, but take courage now,  
your'e a Landed Gentleman, & my Daughter is seauen hun-  
dred pound strong to ioyn with you.

*Rer.* But Lethe lyes'ith way.

*Tomaz.* Let him lye still,  
You shall treade ore him or ile faile in will.

*Rer.* Sweete widdowe.

*Exiunt.*

*Enter Quomodo like a Beadle.*

*Quo.* What a beloude man did I liue? my Seruants gall their  
fingers with ringing, my wiues checks smart with weeping,  
H. 2. teares stand

# Michaelmas Tearme.

stand in euerie corner, you may take water in my house—  
but am not I a wise foole now? what if my wife should take  
my death so to heart, that shee should sicken vppon't, nay  
swone, nay dye? when did I heare of a woman doe so, let mee  
see,——Now I remember me, I thinke twas before my  
Time; yes, I haue heard of those wiues that haue wept, and  
sobd, and swound——marry I neuer heard but they recouered  
agen, that's a cōfort la, that's a comfort, & I hope so will mine  
——peace, tis nere vppon the time, I see, here comes the  
worshipful liuerie, I haue the Hospital Boyes, I perceiue little  
Tomazin will bestow cost of me,——He listen to the com-  
mon censure now, how the world tongues me when my care  
lyes lowe.

*Enter the Liuerie.*

*1. Liue.* Who Quomodo? meerey enricht by shifts,  
And counsages, beleue it.

*Quo.* I see the world is verye loath to praise me,  
Tis Rawlye friendes with me, I cannot blame it,  
For what I haue done, has beene to vex and shame it.  
Heere comes my Sonne, the hope, the landed heyre,  
Ont whose rare thrift, will say mens tongues you ly e,  
He keepe by lawe what was got craftily.  
Me thinkes I heare him say so:  
He does salute the liuerie with good grace,  
And solemne Gesture——

*Bead.* oh my yong Worshipful M. you haue parted from  
a deere Father, a wise and prouident father.

*Sim.* Art thou growne an Ass now?

*Bead.* Such an honest Father——

*Sim.* Prethee Beadle leaue thy lying, I am scarce able to  
endure thee yfaith, what honesty didst thou ere know by my  
Father speake, rule your tongue Beadle least I make you  
proue it, and then I knowe what will become of you, tis  
the scuruyest thing i'th earth to belye the dead so, and hee's  
a beastly Sonne and heyre that wil stand by, and heare his fa-  
ther belyed to his face, hee will nere prosper I warrant him,  
Troth if I be not asham'd to goe to Church with him, I would  
I might be hang'd, I feare such filthye Tales goe on him, oh  
if

# Michaelmas Terme

if I had knowne hee had beene such a lewde fellow in his life  
hee should nere haue kept me company.

*Quo.* Oh ——— o — o!

*Sim.* But I am glad hee's gone, tho twere long first, Short-  
yard and I will reuell it yfaith, I haue made him my Rentga-  
therer alreadye.

*Quo.* Hee shall bee speedilye disinherited, hee gettes not a  
foote, not the Crowne of a Mole-hill, ile sooner make a cour-  
tyer my heyre for teaching my wife trickes then thee,  
my moste neglectfull Sonne? Oh now the coarfe, I shall ob-  
serue yet farder.

*A counterfet Coarfe brought in, Tomazin, and al the  
mourners equally counterfeit.*

*Quo.* O my moste modest, vertuous and remembring wife,  
she shall haue all when I dye, she shall haue all.

*Enter Easie.*

*Tom.* Maister Easie: tis, oh what shift shall I make now?  
oh ———

*Falls downe in a fained swoond.*

*Quo.* Sweete wife she sownes, ile let her alone, ile haue no  
mercie at this time, ile not see her, ile follow the coarfe. *Ex.t*

*Eas:* The Deuill grindethy Bones, thou cousning Ras-  
cal.

*Moth.* Giue her a little more ayre, tilt vp her head, comfort  
thy selfe good widdowe, doe not fall like a Beast for a hus-  
band, there's more then wee can well tell where to put e'm,  
good soule.

*Tom.* Oh, I shall be well anon.

*Moth.* Fye, you haue no patience yfaith, I haue buried foure  
Husbands, and neuer offered e'm such abuse.

*Tom.* Couzen, how doe you?

*Eas.* Sorry to see you ill Couze.

*Toma.* The worst is past I hope. *Pointing after the Coffin.*

*Eas.* I hope so to. (you

*Toma.* Lend me your hand sweet Couze I haue troubled

*Moth.* No trouble indeed forsooth — Good Couzen haue  
a care of her, comfort her vp as much as you can, and all little  
ynough I warrant yee.

*Exeunt.*



# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Tom 12.* My moste sweete loue.

*Eas.* My life is not so deere.

*Toma.* I haue alwaies pittied you.

*Eas.* Y<sup>e</sup> au<sup>e</sup> shoune it heere.

And giuen the desperate hope?

*Toma.* Delay not now, y<sup>e</sup> au<sup>e</sup> vnderstood my loue, I haue a priest readye, this is the fittest season, no eye offends vs, Let this kisse

Restore thee to more wealth, me to more blisse.

*Eas.* The Angels haue provided for me.

*Finis Actus Quartus.*

*Incipit Quintus et Ultimus.*

*Enter Shortyard with writings, hauing consfnd Sim Quomodo.*

*Short.* I haue not Scope ynough within my brest,  
To keepe my ioyes containde : I'me Quomodoes  
heire : the Lands assurances, and all are mine  
(I haue tript his Sonnes heeles vp) aboue the ground,  
His father left him : had I not encouragement?  
Do not I knowe what proues the Fathers pray?  
The Sonne nere looks on't, but it melts away.  
Doe not I knowe the wealth that's got by fraude?  
Slau<sup>e</sup>'s share it like the ritches of a Bawde.  
Why tis a curse vnquenchable, nere cooles.  
Knaues still commit their consciences to fooles:  
And they betray who o'wde em, heeres all the bonds,  
All Easies writings, let me see:

*Enter Quomodoes Wife married to Easie.*

*Toma.* Now my desires weare crownes.

*Eas.* My ioyes excede,  
Man is nere healthfull, till his follyes bleede.

*Toma.* Oh, beholde the Villaine, who in all those shapes  
Confounded your estate.

*Eas.* That slau<sup>e</sup>, that villaine.

*Short.* So many Acres of good meadowe——

*Eas.* Rascall. *Sho.* I heare you sir.

*Eas.* Rogue, Shortyard, Blaistfield, Serjeant, Deputy, cousner  
*Sho.* Hold,

*Sho.* Holde, holde.

*Eas.* I thirst the execution of his eares.

*Toma.* Hate you that office,

*Eas.* Ile strip him bare for punishment and shame.

*Sho.* Why doe but heare me sir, you will not thinke what I haue done for you.

*Eas.* Giuen his Sonne my Lands.

*Sho.* Why looke you, tis not so, your not tolde true,  
I haue Coofned him agen meerely for you,  
Meerely for you sir, twas my meaning then  
That you should wed her, and haue all agen.

A my troth 'tis true sir: 'looke you then heere sir, you shall  
not misse a little scrowle sir, pray sir, let not the Cittie knowe  
me for a knaue, there be richer men would enuie my prefer-  
ment if I should be knowne before e'm.

*Eas.* Villaine, my hate to more reuenge is drawne,  
When slaues are found, tis their base Arte to fawne,  
Within there——.

*Sho.* How now? fresh warders.

*Eas.* This is the other, binde him fast, haue I found you  
Maister Blastfield.

*Sho.* This is the fruite of Craft,  
Like him that shootes vp hye, lookes for the shaft  
And findes it in his fore-head, so does hit  
The Arrowe of our fate, wit destroyes wit:  
The head the bodyes bane, and his owne beares,  
You haue Corne enough, you neede not reape mine eares,  
Sweete Maister Blastfield.

*Eas.* I loath his voice, away. *Exit.* (haue all)

*Toma.* What happynesse was heere, but are you sure you

*Eas.* I hope so my sweete wife.

*Tom.* What difference there is in Husbands, not onelye  
in one thing, but in all.

*Eas.* Heeres good deedes and bad deedes, the writings that  
keep my lands to me, and the bonds that gaue it away from  
me.

These my good deedes shall to more safetie turne,  
And these my bad haue their desarts and burne.

Ile see thee agen presently, reade there.

*Toma.* Did he want all, who would not loue his care?

*Enter Quomodo.*

*Quo.* What a wife hast thou Ephestian---*Quomodo*, so lo-  
uing, so mindefull of her duetye, not onely seene to weep but  
knowne to swone, I knew a Widdow about Saint Antlings so  
forgetfull of hir first Husband, that she married agen with-  
in the twelue month, nay some berladye within the month:  
there were sights to be seen, had they my wiues true sorrows  
seauen nor seauen yeares would drawe e'm to the stake, I  
would moſte tradesmen had such a wife as I, they hope they  
haue, wee must all hope the best: thus in her honour.

A modest wife is such a Jewell,  
Euerie Gold-smith cannot show it:  
He that's honest, and not cruell,  
Is the likeliest man to owe it.

And that's I, I made it by my selfe, and comming to her as a  
Beadle for my reward this morning, ile see how shee takes  
my death next her heart.

*Toma.* Now Beadle.

*Qro.* Blesse your mistris ships eyes from too many teares,  
Although you haue lost a wife and worshipfull Gentleman.

*Toma.* You come for your due Beadle, heere 'ith house.

*Quo.* Most certaine, the Hospitall money and mine owne  
poore forty pence.

*Toma.* I must craue a discharge from you Beadle.

*Quo.* Call your man, ile heartilye set my hand to a Memo-  
randum.

*Toma.* You deale, the truelyer.

*Qro.* Good wenchi still.

*Toma.* George, heere is the Beadle come for his money, draw  
a Memorandum that he has receiued all his due he can claim  
heere ith house after this funerall.

*Que.* What politick directions shee giues him, all to secure  
her selfe, tis time y faith now to pittie her, ile discouer my selfe  
to her ere I goe, but came it off with some liuely iest now, that  
were admyrable: I haue it: after the memorandum is written  
and all, ile set my owne name too't Ephestian *Quomodo*,  
she



# Michaelmas Tearme.

sheele start, sheele wonder how Ephest. Quomodo came the ther that was buried yesterday: y'are beset little Quomodo.

Tom. Ninteene, twentie siue pound, 1, 2, 3, & 1/4. d.

Quo. So, we shall haue good sport, when tis read:

Eas. How now Ladie, paying away money so fast?

Tom. The Beadles due here sir.

Quo. Whose? tis Easie, what makes easie in my house,  
Hee is not my wiues ouerseer I hope:

Eas. Whats here?

Quo. He makes me sweate.

Eas. Memorandum that I haue receiued of Richard easie,  
all my due I can claime here i'th house, or any hereafter for  
me: In witness whereof, I haue set to mine owne hand,

*Ephestian Lemmodo.*

Quo. What haue I done? was I mad?

Eas. Ephestian Quomodo.

Quo. I, well, what then sir? get you out of my house,  
First you maister Prodigall had land, away.

Tom. What is the Beadle drunke or mad?  
Where are my men to thrust him out a doores.

Quo. Not so good Tomazin, not so.

Tom. This fellow must be whipt.

Quo. Thanke you good wife.

Eas. I can no longer beare him.

Tom. Nay sweete husband.

Quo. Husband I'me vndone, beggard, couzend, confound-  
ed for euer: married alreadie? will it please you knowe mee  
now mistris Harlot, and master Horner, who am I now?

Tom. Oh, hee's as like my tother husband as can be.

Quo. Ile haue iudgement, ile bring you before a Iudge, you  
shall feele wife whether my flesh be dead or no, ile tickle you  
yfaith, yfaith.

*Exit.*

Tom. The Iudge that heele solicite knowes me well.

Eas. Lets on then, and our greauances first tell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lethe with officers, taken with his Harlot.*

Rer. Here they come.

Sus. O where.

Let. Hart of shame, vpō my wedding morning so disgrac!

# Michaelmas Tearme

Haue you so little conscience Officers,  
You will not take a bribe?

*Cur.* Master Lethe we may lie together lawfully hereafter,  
for we are coupled together before people ynow yfaith.

*Rev.* There goes the strumpet.

*Sus.* Pardon my wilfull blindnesse and enioy me.  
For now the difference appeares tooplaine,  
Betwixt a base slaue and a true Gentleman.

*Rev.* I doe embrace thee in the best of loue,  
How soone affections fail, how soone they proue.

*Enter Iudg., Easie, and Tomazin in talke with him.*

*Iud.* His counsages are odious, he the plaintife,  
Not onely framde deceitfull in his life,  
But so to mocke his funerall.

*Eas.* Most iust:  
The Liuerie all assembled, mourning weedes,  
Throughout his house een down to his last seruāt  
The Herauld richly hirde to lend him Armes,  
Faind from his Auncestors, which I dare sweare knewe no  
other Armes but those they labour'd with,  
All preparations furnisht, nothing wanted  
Sauethat which was the cause of all, his death,  
If he be liuing.

*Iudg.* T was an impious part.

*Eas.* We are not certaine yet it is himselfe,  
But some false spirit that assumes his shape,  
And seekes still to deceiue mee.

*Quo.* Oh are you come? my Lord? their here, good morrow  
Tomazin.

*Iudg.* Now what are you?

*Quo.* I am Quomodo, my Lord, & this my wife,  
Those my two men, that are bound wrongfully.

*Iud.* How are we sure y'are he?

*Quo.* Oh you cannot misse my Lord.

*Iud.* Ile trie you.

Are you the man that liu'd the famous coufner?

*Quo.* O no my Lord.

*Iud.* Did you deceiue this Gentleman of his right,

And

# *Michaelmas Tearme.*

And laid Nets ore his land?

*Quo.* Not I my Lord.

*Ind.* Then y'are not Quomodo but a counterfet,  
Lay hands on him, and beare him to the whip.

*Quo.* Stay, stay a litle I pray, now I remember me my Lord,  
I couſned him indeed, tis wondrous true.

*Ind.* Then I dare ſweare this is no counterfet.  
Let all doubts ceaſe this man is Quomodo.

*Quo.* Why lay you now, you would not beleeu this, I am  
found what I am.

*Ind.* But ſetting theſe thy odious ſhifts apart,  
Why did that thought prophane, enter thy breaſt,  
To mocke the world with thy ſuppoſed death?

*Quo.* Conceiue you not that my Lord? a policy.

*Ind.* So.

*Quo.* For hauing gotten the lands I thirſted ſtill,  
To know what tate would follow 'em.

*Iu.* Being ill got.

*Quo.* Your Lordſhip apprehends me.

*Ind.* I thinke I ſhall anon.

*Quo.* And thereupon,  
I out of policie poſſeſt my ſonne,  
Which ſince I haue found lewd, and now intend  
To diſinherit him for euer,  
Not onely this was in my death ſet downe,  
But thereby a firme triall of my wiſe,  
Her conſtant ſorrowes, her remembring vertues,  
All which are Dewes, the ſhine of a next morning 'dries' em  
vp all I ſee't.

*Ind.* Did you profeſſe wiſe couſenage, and would dare  
To put a woman to her two dayes choice,  
When of a minute do's it?

*Quo.* Leſſe, a moment  
The twinckling of an eye, a glimpſe, ſcarce ſomthing do's it,  
Your Lordſhip yet will graunt ſhe is my wiſe.

*Tom.* O heauen!

*Ind.* After ſome penance, and the Deues of law  
I muſt acknowledge that.



# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Quo.* I scarce like  
Those Deues of lawe.

*Eas.* My Lord, altho the law too gently lot his wife,  
The wealth he left behind he cannot challenge,

*Quo.* How?

*Eas.* Behold his hand against it.

*Quo.* He do's deuize all meanes to make mee mad, that I  
may no more lie with my wife in perfect memorie, I know't  
but yet the landes will maintaine me in my wits: the lande  
will doe so much for mee.

*Indg.* In witnesse whereof I haue set to mine owne hand,  
*Ephesian Quomodo.*

Tis firme enough your owne fir.

*Quo.* A iest my Lord, I did I knew not what.

*Ind.* It should seeme so, deceit is her owne foe  
Craftily gets, and childishly lets goe.  
But yet the lands are his.

*Quo.* I, warrant yee.

*Eas.* No my good Lord, the lands know the right heire,  
I am their master once more.

*Quo.* Haue you the lands?

*Eas.* Yes truly I praise heauen.

*Quo.* Is this good dealing? are there such consciences a-  
broad, how? which way could he come by 'em?

*Sho.* My Lord ile quickly resolue you, that it comes to me  
This cousner whom too long I call'd my patrone,  
To my thought dying, and the foole his sonne  
Possess of all, which my braine partly sweat for.  
I held it my best vertue, by a plot  
To get from him what for him was ill got.

*Quo.* O beastly Shortyard!

*Sho.* When no sooner mine,  
But I was glad more quickly to resigne.

*Ind.* Craft once discover'd shewes her abiect line.

*Quo.* He hits me euery where, for craft once knowne;  
Do's teach fooles wit, leaues the decciuer none.  
My deedes haue cleft me, cleft me.

# Michaelmas Tearme.

*Enter Officers with Lethe and the Harlot.*

1. Off. Roome there.

*Quo.* A little yet to raise my spirit.  
Here maister Lethe comes to wed my Daughter.  
That's all the ioy is left me : ha? who's this?

*Iudge.* What crimes haue those brought foorth?

*Gent.* The shame of lust,  
Most viciously on this his wedding morning,  
This man was ceazde in shame with that bolde Strumpet.

*Iudge.* Why, tis she he meanes to marrye.

*Lethe.* No in truth.

*Iudge.* In truth you doe.  
Who for his wife his Harlot doth preferre,  
Good reason tis, that he should marrie her.

*Curt.* I craue it on my knees, such was his vowe at first,

*Pand.* Ile say so too  
And worke out mine owne safetie,  
Such was his vowe at first, indeede my Lord,  
How ere his moode has chang'd him?

*Lethe.* O vilde slaue!

*Curt.* He sayes it true my Lord,

*Ind.* Rest content,  
He shall both marrie and taste punishment.

*Lethe.* Oh intollerable!  
I beseech your good Lordship if I must haue an outward punishment, let me not marrie an inward, whose lastes will nere out, but growe worse and worse : I haue a wife staies for me this morning with seauen hundred pound in her purse, let me be speedily whipt and be gone, I beseech your Lordship.

*Gent.* Hee speakes no truth my Lord, behold the Virgin,  
Wife to a well esteemed Gentleman,  
Loathing the Sin he followes.

*Lethe.* I was betrayed, yes faith.

*Rer.* His owne Mother my Lord,  
Which hee confest through ignorance, and disdaine,  
His name so chang'd to abuse the world and her.

*Let.* Marry a Harlot, why not? tis an honest mans fortune,

# *Michaelmas Tearme.*

I pray did not one of my Coūtriemen marrye my Sister? why well then, if none should be marryed but those that are honest where should a man seeke a wife after Christmas? I pitty that Gentleman, that has nine Daughters to bestowe, and seauen of e'm Seeded already, they wil be good stufte by that time, I doe beseech your Lordship to remoue the punishment, I am content to marrie her.

*Judge.* There's no remouing of your punishment.

*Leth.* O good my Lord.

*Judge.* Vnlesse one heere assembled (don.  
Whom you haue most vnnaturally a busde, beget your par-

*Leth.* Who should that be?

Or who would doote, that has beene so abusde?

A troublesome pennance ———— fir.

*Quo.* Knaue in your face, leaue your mocking, Andrew, marrie your Qeane and be quiet.

*Leth.* Maister Easie.

*Eas.* I'me sorrie you take such a bad course fir.

*Leth.* Maister Quomodo.

*Toma.* Enquire my right name agen next time, now goe your waies like an Asse as you came.

*Leth.* Masse I forget my mother all this while,  
Ile make her doo't at first, pray mother your blessing for once.

*Moth.* Calst me Mother? out, I defie thee slaue.

*Leth.* Call me slaue as much as you will, but doe not shame me now, let the world knowe you are my Mother.

*Moth.* Let me not haue this Villaine put vpon me I beseech your Lordship.

*Judge.* Hee's iustly curst, she loathes to know him now,  
Whome he before did as much loath to knowe,  
Wilt thou beleeu me woman?

*Moth.* That's soone done.

*Judge.* Then knowe him for a Villaine, tis thy Sonne,

*Moth.* Art thou *Andrew* my wicked Sonne *Andrew*?

*Leth.* You would not beleue me Mother.

*Moth.* How art thou chang'd?

Is this sute fit for thee? a Tooth-drawers Sonne,

this



# *Michaelmas Tearme.*

this countrie has ee'ne spoilde thee since thou camst heather,  
thy manners better then thy cloathes, but now whole cloa-  
thes and ragged manners, it may well be saide that truth goes  
naked, for when thou hadst scarce a shirt thou hadst more  
truth about thee.

*Iudg.* Thou art thine owne affliction Quomodo:  
Shortyard we banish, tis our pleasure.

*Sho.* Hence forth no woman shall complaine for measure.

*Iudg.* And that all Error from our workes may stand,  
We bannish Falstight euermore the land.

## *FINIS*

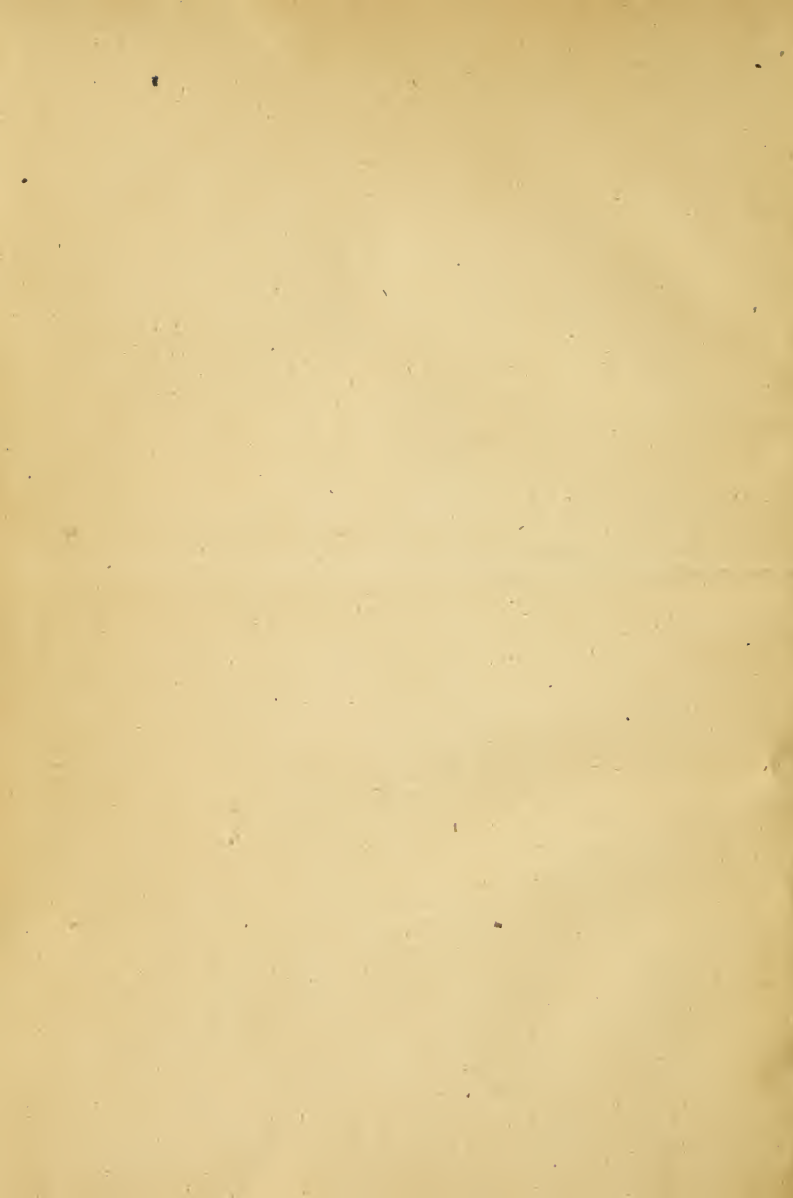


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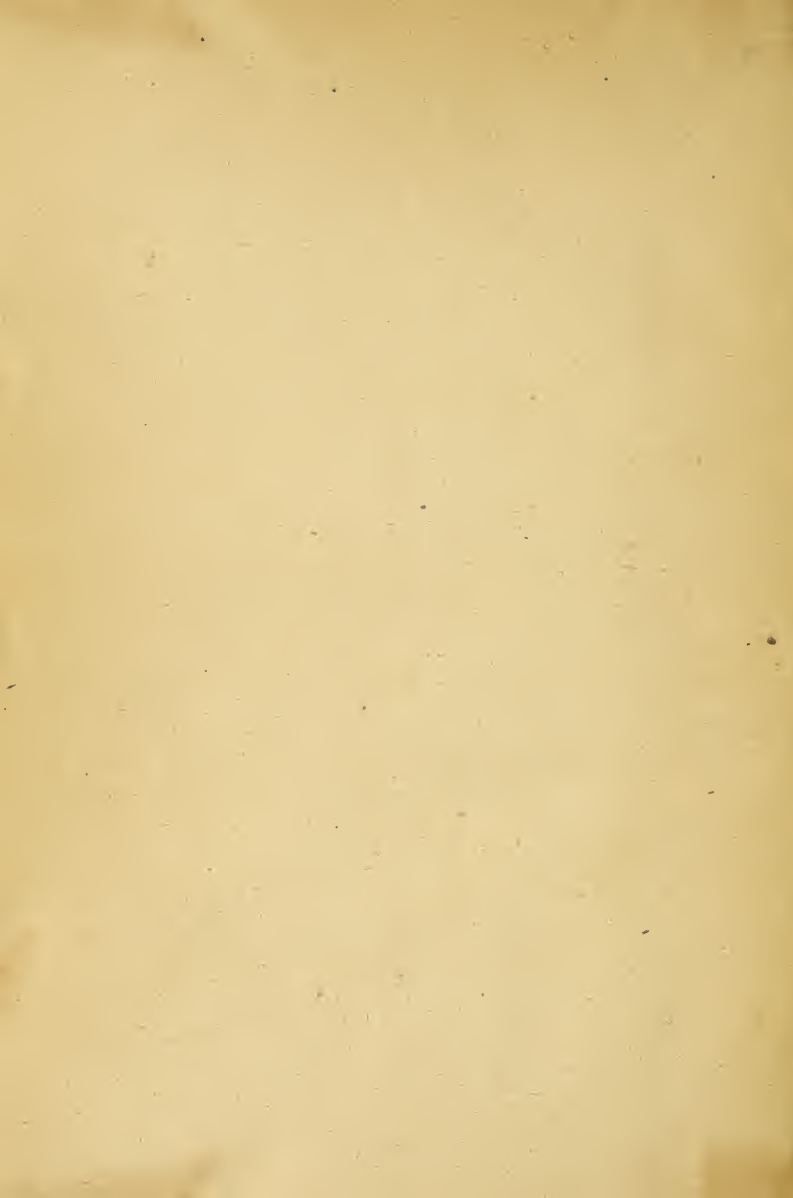














BATTEN,  
OKSINDER,  
than Common

1/12/37

